TEN CENTS A COPY

Roller Coaster Journalism, by Silas Bent, on page 884

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1928 — NUMBER 43

Things

GEORGE MOORE, in that wilful essay which introduces his anthology of "Pure Poetry," rounds off his attack upon subjective verse by a summary statement that pure poetry deals with things not ideas, for ideas change while things throughout the ages remain the same. Taken literally, this is fantastically untrue. Things, even if they have an objective reality not determined by the accident of the senses, change as much as and with the generations. In spite of Keats, the voice of the nightingale that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth when she stood in tears amid the alien corn, was not the same to which he listened darkling. That the corn was alien and Ruth picturesque was Keats's idea, and so was listening to a bird song at all, which was not an Old Testament practice. Romanticism has swept the nightingale into its glamorous arms. Indeed every thing more subtle in its effects than plain food and drink changes with changing human attitudes. Swords, wives (to be regarded for the moment only, as things), clothes, mountains, temples, oceans, flowers, and kings are this to you and that to me, and even more, this to that century and that to another. If only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust, so, and more certainly, only the outward aspect of things remains constant—the emotion-touched images, which are their sole reality in the mind, are as mutable as the seasons. Daffodils or snow peaks or draughts of Hippocrene, like Antony "cannot hold this visible shape," so strangely do different ages regard them.

There is indeed no poetry of constant things, but only a making of symbols from out of the stuff of the visible world to represent the changing moods of the sensitive.

* * *

Moore, of course, was well aware of this mobility, for he had only to compare his own descriptions of mountain country with Wordsworth's to see that if a peak never flies from its firm base it assuredly changes its make-up in the eyes of beholders. The truth in his remark is not in what he said, but in what he may have meant, though he seems to be content with his epigram.

For it is by testing the mind with close observation of things that we realize the continuity of living and indeed assure ourselves of being alive in any real sense at all. A flowering cherry is a lesson in history and, rightly seen, guarantees the existence of souls in Japan who, by apprehending it so differently, prove that there is more than mere optical reaction in the sight. The violet is neither timid nor shrinking, but when writers have been sensitive to defenseless beauty they have looked at this flower and found it so. Consider its flaunting clumps of purple green-embedded in the exuberant April meadow and know yourself by this fresh observation a part of the flux and reflux of psychic history. If only the firefly and the hummingbird had been European they would have different emotional values today. Our literature has but slightly known them, hence they are seen as such, not with a difference. What the poet thinks of democracy, or of duty to the state, or of the causes of poverty, is of as little endurance as a statute or a scientific theory. But when he flings his imagination upon visible things, he brings back a report of the world as it looks (and therefore is) in his time. It is not by accident that the descriptive passages of famous poetry have the longest life.

Modern poetry in English is scanty and poor in its

(*Continued on page* 881)

be still

By WILLIAM CLOSSON EMORY

Always remembering always remembering
deep in the well the spring bubbles
slowly but always
remembering talking to you and me
inconsequential things Jim's marriage
the high rent of apartments
the symphony last night and
the scandal in the papers always
remembering how the air fluttered and whined
shaking the body fear was a quick fever
springing from the ambush of the mind
like a ravenous beast tearing the trembling nerves
and the feet moved like slow clouds always
remembering looking quiet and peaceful
with the brain torn and quivering
spilled on the green turf the eyes starkstaring
and a twitch of the graying body always
remembering as if set with concrete the
angular planes of thought projecting
through the normal periphery always
remembering the monstrous red-eyed rats
beside the ragged ghostly columns of Vailly watching
in the terrifying moonlight
the lonely walkers while the shells screamed
put your arms around me love this is
a fragrant pleasant flesh so quick it
can be limp and nauseous not now the guns but always
remembering how the sky shook red-gashed all night
and the steel death was a gray rain splashing fire
the liquid slosh of the gas shells warbling
like ill-omened birds and the sudden
ripping fingers in the throat choking always
remembering father why do you sit in bed like that
you frighten me be still my child be still it's
nothing but a dream nothing but a dream

This Week

"Stuff and Nonsense and So On."
Reviewed by *Frank V. Morley.*

Magic and the Occult: Four Books.
Reviewed by *S. Foster Damon.*

Mr. Moon's Notebook.
By *William Rose Benét.*

"Children and Fools."
Reviewed by *Louis Sherwin.*

"Naked Truth."
Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*

Roller Coaster Journalism.
By *Silas Bent.*

Granules from an Hourglass.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Return of Metaphysics.
By *Bertrand Russell.*

Walter Hines Page, Editor

By ALLAN NEVINS

WALTER H. PAGE ended his life an ambassador, a link between the two most powerful nations of the globe in a time of world conflagration, a figure on the international stage. So important was his work from 1913 to 1918 that it has cast the preceding years into the shadow. We forget that Mr. Page was a man of renown and power, with a significant career apparently fully achieved, on the morning when Col. E. M. House playfully announced his London appointment to him by addressing him over the telephone as "Your Excellency." We forget that in 1913 this appointment seemed about as important to Mr. Page's future reputation as James Russell Lowell's ministry to England was to Lowell's fame. He had been the editor of three magazines—the *Forum,* the *Atlantic,* the *World's Work;* he had been cofounder of a rich and influential publishing house; he had been the most active of the men revivifying the South. The ambassadorship was to be simply an ornamental interlude in, or termination of, a life fruitful and memorable.

* * *

It is well for us to be reminded that there was a Page the journalist, the editor, the publisher, and the leader of civic enterprises, who if seen in proper perspective appears quite as large as Page the ambassador. Mr. Hendrick's title, "The Training of an American,"* is a bit unfortunate. As if all that preceded 1913 were simply a training for the diplomatic labors which followed, for the real career. As everyone knows, there are two views of Page the diplomatist. Those who regard an ambassador as a free agent, or largely one, and Anglo-American coöperation and harmony from 1914 to 1917 as an object that was worth almost any sacrifice, do well to praise him unstintedly. Those who think that an ambassador should follow minutely his government's instructions, and that Mr. Page should not have allowed Anglo-American harmony to diminish his insistence on American rights, take a chilly attitude. But regarding Page the publicist there can be no quarrel. Here was a man ardent in enthusiasm, untiring in energy, broad and liberal in vision, surprisingly acute in his judgments of men, events, and books, and still more surprisingly wise and philosophical in his mature views of life.

* * *

Page, we can see now, was a born maker of magazines. He was not a newspaper man. Trying the daily journal, first in St. Joseph, Missouri, and later on the New York *World* in ante-Pulitzer days, he turned away from it. He was not a writer; he had no desire to be known as an author of books, and his one novel was too defective to bring him applause or encouragement. But between the daily newspaper and the book he found his medium in the monthly devoted to current affairs. Perhaps better than any other single man since the Civil War—better than J. G. Holland, better than Richard Watson Gilder, better than S. S. McClure—he knew how to make a magazine appeal to a wide body of readers, kindle interest in issues and events, furnish the daily and weekly press with a constant succession of ideas and a constant fund of apposite information, and become a nationally educative influence. From the very outset of his career he felt an irre-

* THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. 1855-1913. By BURTON J. HENDRICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $5.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistible impulse toward the magazine. As an inexperienced cub just out of Johns Hopkins in 1879 he madly rushed $1,000 into debt to buy half of a tottering weekly review, modeled on the *Nation* but intended for Southern readers, called the *Age* and published in Louisville. He was never really happy —he never really found himself—until in 1885 he won the confidence of that odd German Jew named Isaac L. Rice, the founder of the *Forum*, and was made first business manager and then editor of the publication. From then on his success was assured. He rose from rung to rung.

Page did not have the faculty of Holland and Holland's pupil Gilder for making a broad literary monthly, nor did he have the ambition to do so. He did not have the genius which the McClure-Phillips combination briefly exhibited for creating a well-rounded popular family magazine. But he was unrivalled as the editor of a popular political and social review. He took the *Forum* when it was an unregarded failure with a few thousand buyers, and made it a great national voice with a circulation of 28,000, more than any review of its general character had ever possessed in England or America. He took the *Atlantic* when, under the narrow and inefficient editorship of the lovable old Horace E. Scudder, it had reached absolute decrepitude, and in three years converted it into a sturdy, flourishing periodical, without a trace of the New England dry-rot which had almost killed it. He made of the *World's Work* an even greater success. His talent as an editor was a many-sided talent. It embraced immense practical common-sense; witness his common-sense attitude in 1898 toward the Spanish-American War, which he approved—putting a waving American flag on the cover of the *Atlantic* to the scandal of pacifistic Bostonians—and his attitude toward the annexation of the Philippines, which he believed to be a distasteful but unescapable duty. It embraced ingenuity: witness his extraordinary plan ringing into the ownership of the body of writers, public leaders, and ures in the fine arts—a plan which the narrow-minded trustees killed just as it was blossoming into success. It embraced industry, taste, originality, and independence.

* * *

Above all, it embraced a remarkable instinct for ideas and subjects that would interest people, and for modes of treatment that would intensify that interest. One of his contributors once remarked that when Page had finished outlining the sort of article that he wanted, enthusiastically indicating all its possibilities, the writer felt as if it were already half done. For new contributors he had the intensest enthusiasm. An associate was astonished when one morning Page's door burst violently open, and the editor sprang into the room waving a manuscript. "I've got one!" he shouted. "Got what?" "A new author!" For new ideas his appetite was ravenous. In 1894 he expounded to Daniel Coit Gilman, always his friend and adviser, the central merit of his great *Forum* scheme:

> Consider the making of a periodical; what is the difference between a fairly good one and a really great one? It is only the difference of personalities and ideas that go into them. This is so silly that it sounds silly to state it. But there is no secret about making a great magazine. You must have, of course, a good craftsman at the head of it, a man of editorial skill, of good judgment, of some courage and of character, but these are all common qualities, and with all these you will make but a fairly good magazine. The stuff to make a great periodical of is yet lacking; and this stuff is a prodigality of ideas—such as no one man has or can have. Ideas must grow about it with the very luxuriance of nature, must come to it from every quarter. It must have enough waste material to make all the other periodicals better than they are now. This requires more than the acquaintance and good will and casual suggestions of fertile men; it requires, to a degree, the identification of their personalities with it . . . .
>
> The making of a mere conventional magazine—like almost any now existing—is an easy humdrum task that satisfies no philosophic yearning. I had as lief make shoes or ploughs; and I had rather build houses. The whole "literary" superstitition that buoys the men up who do this sort of thing is a juvenile illusion; or if they do no longer have any illusion, they recognize it as a decent sort of craft—a craft like the making or selling of "notions"—which yields a more or less easy living. But to make a periodical take hold helpfully on the minds of the masses of earnest men in America and to shape them—that is a different thing.

The most interesting of the numerous interesting letters in this book are those which show Walter H. Page exercising his talents in the shaping of his three successive magazines. We see him sending back to E. L. Godkin—no less!—an article which he admits is brilliant, but the pessimism of which seems to him to disqualify it for the *Atlantic*. We find him admonishing Charles Warren Stoddard that his article on Bret Harte does not have enough "meat," and telling him how to put it there. We discover him imploring Simon Newcomb to write some reminiscential articles concerning recent scientific discoveries, emphasizing the personal side of men of science; we find him discussing with Elizabeth Phelps Ward a life of Christ, and deciding it an unfit subject for magazine treatment. Not enough truth, not enough reality, not enough of the hand to hand grip with life!—this is his constant editorial cry. "There is not a day in the calendar," he writes John Jay Chapman, "when I would not close my weary desk here and go to San Francisco or Zanzibar —anywhere—to get a first hand, clear-cut, sensational thing. I say thing for I care nothing about what form it takes. The pathetic fact is truly and grievously told in your word about Stevenson. He (in a certain sense) failed—looked back, not forward. There the story ends. Who does look forward?" He lives chiefly on the hope, he adds, that some day before he dies he can point to some national and telling utterance and say "That is it!"—something "beside which the little gliding, mincing things that we now endure for lack of bigger will be utterly forgotten—and instantaneously."

* * *

To the end of his pre-ambassadorial career the magazine remained the central fact of Page's life. "The magazine in the United States," he proclaimed, "is the best instrument that has yet been invented or developed or discovered for affecting public opinion in our democracy. The magazines have told the American people more about themselves in recent years than all periodical literature told them during the preceding century." Both with the *Atlantic* and after the establishment of the house of Doubleday, Page, it was part of Mr. Page's duties to assist in the discovery and publication of books. But from the evidence in this volume he seems to have taken a lukewarm interest in their pursuit. His chief "find" was Mary Johnston, and he went all the way to Birmingham to bring back her "To Have and to Hold" to the office of the *Atlantic*. He read widely and constantly, and was at all times an admirer of the best in contemporary books. What he says in his brief, pungent, shrewd way of Howells, Bret Harte, John Fiske, Frank Norris, O. Henry—whose funeral at the Little Church Around the Corner he attended—John Burroughs, H. H. Furness, Joel Chandler Harris, and others is invariably sound and discriminating. He was particularly interested in political literature, and never lost a fitting opportunity to praise the writings of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. But while a lover and publisher of books, he loved his magazines more intensely.

* * *

Living after 1885 in the North, Page kept his heart always in the South, and especially in his native North Carolina. During the few early years that he was engaged in journalism in Charlotte, he set on foot several movements—notably one for a State agricultural and technological college—which were ultimately of great value. Later he made one of that able and devoted group—Edwin A. Alderman, Charles Dabney, Gov. Charles Aycock—who labored year in and year out to awaken the South to changing economic and cultural needs. He was associated with J. M. L. Curry, Robert C. Ogden, and William H. Baldwin in their educational efforts; he was one of the leaders in the campaign so ably taken up by the Rockefeller Foundation to eradicate the hookworm curse. When courage was needed, Page had it. His *Forum* article against lynching, "The Last Stand of the Bully," at the beginning of the 'nineties, and his arraignment of Southern civilization in the Greensboro speech called "The Forgotten Man" in 1897, both provoked storms; but in the end they proved beneficent storms. Mr. Hendrick closes his book with a vignette of Page sitting at Gulfport, Miss., in 1907, surrounded by evidences of that regeneration of the South for which he had always labored; his native region "at last in a fair way to reversing the mistakes of the era succeeding 1830, and to reconstituting itself on the lines originally laid down by Madison, Marshall, and Jefferson."

Another of Page's lifelong principles, as it is here revealed, was devotion to England. The seeds of this devotion were sown in his early love for English literature; and his love for British civilization was deepened in the formative college years by association with a number of Southerners who deemed England hardly less their country than that United States against which they had recently fought. Page never wavered in his belief that American culture should remain an Anglo-Saxon culture, and that the ties between Washington and London ought always to be peculiarly close. He was from early manhood a convinced believer in international peace also, and to his mind the surest guarantee of peace was the faithful coöperation of all the English-speaking nations. As Mr. Hendrick says, the faith that animated him in the bloody years after 1914 was no light or improvised faith; to find its roots, we must go back to the days of the 'seventies when he studied his books and talked with his professors at Randolph-Macon and at Trinity colleges—when above all, Professor Thomas Randolph Price of the former institution "filled his plastic mind with the greatness of England's writers, thinkers, and statesmen."

This volume of more than four hundred pages furnishes many valuable shafts of light upon the political, the social, and the literary history of the United States from the early seventies to 1913. Mr. Hendrick has executed his task with his wonted skill and ease. The volume is marked by grace of style, by a thorough grasp of the subject, and by clarity of exposition. The early pages upon Page's boyhood have special charm, and are indeed more winning than some of those later chapters which are made up rather too solidly of the subject's letters, with hardly a word of comment or interpretation.

"The Gentleman's Relish"

STUFF AND NONSENSE & SO ON. By Walter de la Mare. With Woodcuts by Bold. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Frank V. Morley

PATUM PEPERIUM, reads the old-fashioned label, glued to the old-fashioned pot. On the label is a buckled belt, enclosing a sardine, shown in port and starboard elevations. Under the sardine are the words, *In Mare Internum*. The Latin should be enough, but in anxiety to avoid all possibility of error, the label bears another phrase, between the name and the belt, this time in English. The phrase is, *The Gentleman's Relish*.

They tell me the label is over a hundred years old. It is good ballyhoo.

"Stuff and Nonsense," by Walter de la Mare, is a book of limericks, satire, and nonsense rhymes; if general critical opinion has not reached a good conclusion, the ballyhoo has been mismanaged. The man who labelled *Patum* would have known what to do. "The Gentleman's Relish"—it is a grand phrase. One notices that the limericks, with which the book begins, are not common limericks, but "twiners."

> There was an old man with a gun,
> Who espied an Old lady named Pheasant;
> She sat on a seat in the sun,
> And he stared, and he stared—most unpleasant;
> But at last, drawing near,
> He made it quite clear
> That he had no *intention* so rude to appear,
> But was merely confused, being out with his gun,
> At espying a lady named Pheasant.

A more delicate relish than the usual limerick? That notion could be sold. More twiners are given later on; in the first part of the book they dangle before us,

> So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
> Gently entwist . . . .

just to show there is a spirit of fun. The fun is qualified in the second part of the volume. "Meat, Fish, etc." For instance, "Iron".

> It is the gentle poet's art
> In pleasing diction to impart
> Whatever he thinks meet;
> And even make the ugly bloom
> In splendour at our feet.
> But neither Shelley, Keats nor Byron
> Sang songs on Zinc, or odes to Iron:
> Impracticable feat!

That is a poet's joke. But "Hyssop" could be played up as pure craftsman's joy, a gentlemanly quality.

Of the succeeding twiners, one of the best is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Freckles"; another is "Ergo," which begins

There was an old man said 'I am:
And therefore, O rapture! I think!'
They retorted, 'H'm, h'm?' and 'H'm, h'm!'
And each at the rest winked a wink.
Yet it may be, you know,
That he *fancied* it so—
That he'd taken to heart
The words of Descartes,
Who, hoping and hoping for *something* to come,
At last had exclaimed, *Cogito, ergo sum*' . . . .

The pity is, there are only two more sections, "Thinkers and Spectres" (with the motto "Is such a think as this allowed to live?") and "Far and Near and Finis." In the first, I understand, by the way, that Thomas Hardy's choice was "False Dawn." In the second, it is not easy to escape from "Ahkh!"

From the fragments quoted (each one that I have mentioned I wished to quote in full) it is evident enough that "Stuff and Nonsense" is more than gentleman's relish. There are parallels of other poets who betook themselves to wit. What is one common joy in Aristophanes, Ariosto, and Sir Thomas Browne? Whatever came over them to see things in that extraordinary way? We are getting away from gentleman's relish here. The queer presentment of ideas, edge on to catch the light, or back to front, annoys the general practitioners. There is a picture in Keats's "Cap and Bells":

'Hush—hush!' cried Eban, 'sure that is he
Coming downstairs—by St. Bartholomew!
As backwards as he can—is't something new?
Or is't his custom, in the name of fun?'
'He always comes down backward, with one shoe'—
Returned the porter—'off, and one shoe on,
Like, saving shoe for sock or stocking, my man John!'

No, it isn't gentlemanly. A gentleman fumbles, as Sir Sidney Colvin fumbled with Keats, when he tries to explain. As to what the poets think, one may read Oliver Goldsmith's epistle to Lord Clare:

She came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

No apology is needed for some things which are not gentlemanly. We may as well state bluntly there is no question of unworthiness in "Stuff and Nonsense." The magician who came down stairs backwards in "Cap and Bells" had the best of it, as I remember. He never fell; neither does De la Mare stumble.

People who return from Europe shake their heads. It is a fashionable exercise. The old, the old is gone. The young, the youngish, has an air of strained determination. And so it is, and so it has. But they should understand the local *Patum*. It is good stuff, tickles the palate. And much may be smuggled beneath its label.

Things

(*Continued from page* 879)

treatment of things. The imagists should have satisfied even Moore, but there is too much ego in their earth. The thing is sacrificed to make a phrase, there is trickery of words to present an impressionists' picture, all mood and temper, instead of the serene, revealing fact. Emphasis rests too heavily upon the observer's temperament. As for the realists, they have been fooled by the novelty of merely new things, phonographs, airplanes, bath tubs, railroads, tin cans, which, for obvious reasons, did not get into earlier literature. They have filled their poems and their novels with things, but chiefly new things mentioned and described, as if to say, you never heard of the clang of a concrete street before, hence if I insert it I achieve.

But there is no virtue in catalogues of things. It is only their significance that counts, and significance is rich only if it means and has meant many things to many men. That is why it is extraordinarily difficult to make a sonnet upon an electric locomotive, and still possible to write a good poem about a daffodil—or even a lark.

Red Spirits and Grey

ASTROLOGY: YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN. By Evangeline Adams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE MYSTERIES AND SECRETS OF MAGIC. By C. J. S. Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1928. $3.50.

THE WAY OF POWER: STUDIES IN THE OCCULT. By L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington). New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $2.50.

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES. By Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by S. Foster Damon

THE occult we shall have with us always. Human personality, bursting the dead limitations set by science, is always taking strange flight into the unknown. Facts misunderstood and baseless suppositions cling and whirl together into a nebula; a system seems about to emerge; then it disintegrates into new half-shapes, like a summer cloud.

Astrology is perhaps the oldest and certainly the most definite of these pseudo-sciences. When Jonathan Swift blasted its reputation with his immortal ridicule, he did not start one bolt in its cast-iron system. His laughter had no effect on its logic. Anybody can see that the sun is the source of all life, and that the moon commands the tides, lunatics, and women; why then should not the planets have their own subtler influences upon mankind? The theory arose that if one could calculate the exact position of the planets in relation to a new-born infant, one

Woodcut from "A Mirror for Witches," by Esther Forbes

would have the formula of his character and consequently an outline of the chief events in his life. Certainly the infinite possibilities of combination and pattern are numerous enough to account for the infinite variety of people throughout the world.

Later, when the Ptolemaic system of crystalline spheres was demolished, and the earth definitely went round the sun, the new skepticism developed a new theory of astrology: that the visible universe being but a symbol and manifestation of an invisible one, it was not the material planets that formed human psychology, but the forces which they symbolized. Astrological "planets" were these mental forces, and their "houses" the channels through which they flowed.

But even so, these worlds visible and invisible work with perfect psycho-physical parallelism; and astrology remains mathematically demonstrable. The materials are the heavenly bodies; the method, mere geometry. The only question is: does it work? One can always raise objections. If, for example, astrologers can calculate the minute differences between twins, why do they not all raise one universal outcry of alarm when a World War approaches?—But we wander from our subject.

Miss Adams, in her "Astrology: Your Place in the Sun" is not concerned with international disasters, but limits herself to the determination of personality. She explains quite clearly the simpler side of her science, with sufficient directions and tables to start one puzzling out one's own destiny.

Perhaps her presentation is too popular—too highly simplified. She excludes from her discussion all but the influences of the sun and of the ascendant in the various signs: undoubtedly the two most important factors of a horoscope, yet, after all, but two out of about twelve. She warns her readers not to rely too completely on the restricted material she gives them, but her warnings are of little use to the inexpert, who cannot guess what is being omitted. For example: in the question of the "native's" appearance alone, to which Miss Adams devotes a great deal of consideration, the influence of the ascendant and the sun would certainly have to be modified by the position and aspects of the moon, of the ruling planet, and of any planets which may be situated either in the "First House" or "in aspect" to any of these other influences. But these later complications she omits.

Her own contribution to this antique science is discussed in Part V, "Horary Astrology." It is a very ingenious technical method. She uses the house positions that are in force at the time of the consultation, and inserts in this the positions of the planets at the time of birth, by this novel combination getting at the immediate problem to be solved.

Magic, unlike astrology, dealt directly with the invisible. Once it was the prop of religion, the science of kings, and the practice of sages; now it has virtually vanished. In our daily wood-rapping or even in our Hallowe'en games there is no high, concealed philosophy, no frenzied determination to dominate circumstance. The roots of magic are dead; all that remains is a dispersed multitude of odd fragments of ceremonial.

Mr. C. J. S. Thompson, in his "Mysteries and Secrets of Magic," penetrates no secrets. He has dredged from ancient manuscripts and rather recent publications quite a mass of curious material. Nothing is done with this material; it is rather carelessly grouped into chapters; and some of these chapters (especially the first) seem to have been well shuffled before publication. A skeptic, he is attracted chiefly by the quainter of his findings: system, historical sense, the sources of his quotations—these he does not bother with.

Consequently in his book we find no psychological insight into *what really happened*, no metaphysical system, no irradiant heights or depths putrefying with black flames. There is nothing here but incredible and shrivelled specimens of fragmentary processes, spells, pentacles, secret names, with numerous illustrations from the old manuscripts: the *disjecta membra* of the ancient art, cast up on the shore of Time. One may pass a very pleasant [illegible]ing the leaves of this book.

❧ ❧ ❧

Mrs. L. Adams Beck, however, is no s[illegible]it a person with experience and a thesis. [illegible]e Way of Power" she republishes marvelou[illegible]ts of Hindu magicians, and adds her own a[illegible]s. What though the thesis is merely a reiter[illegible]t there *are* occult powers which can be dev[illegible]n oneself; what though the fruits of he[illegible]g sound like the tallest of traveller's tal[illegible]t though her own experiences may boil dowr[illegible]- istry, prestidigitation, and ordinary coincide[illegible]e gives the facts as she honestly beheld t[illegible]l equally honestly records her beliefs abc[illegible]. While she does not convince at least one r[illegible]e has, without being a hypocrite, her rewar[illegible]

Perhaps the most valuable of these fou[illegible] Esther Forbes's "Mirror for Witches," a cha[illegible] archaic-looking volume, with vigorous, mode[illegible] wood-cuts. It is only incidentally a study of the occult, for it is a novel,—but a novel which tries to explain why at least one witch pronounced herself guilty.

Doll Bilby, we are told, "flourished at Cowan Corners, close by the town of Salem" in the seventeenth century. Her lonely life, her downfall with a demon lover, and her horrible death are described vividly, in a style which is excellent when it forgets to be as archaic as the format. The book, however, ends with a *tour de force* which, while excellent as narrative, prevents its being a real "mirror" of all witches, but a study of only one. Ingenious as this device is (and I shall respect it by not giving it away here), it prevents Doll Bilby's case from shedding any light on those many historical cases where the witches likewise proclaimed their own guilt.

The desire grows upon mankind steadily to explain these extraordinary delusions of the past. These four books are four different attitudes toward the problem: one reaffirms an ancient theory; one seeks no explanation at all; one looks for a new explanation, to be found in the Orient; and one attempts, through a sympathetic imagination, to reconstruct the mental processes of the actors in an ancient tragedy. Of these four, the last (though it has invented its own materials) probably strikes nearest the truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Moon's Notebook

May 10th: *Anne's Book of Hours*

SINCE the days of the split reed and the papyrus roll, from the epoch of the monkish parchment traced religiously in the wing-glimmering scriptorium, no type of book is, to my mind, more intimately interesting than the old-time devotional "Book of Hours." And I am now thinking of a particular, beautifully-illuminated "Book of Hours." It is famous. It belonged to Anne.

Anne's "Book of Hours" was, simply, a Prayer-book, except that it consisted of 240 white vellum pages, exquisitely adorned by Jean Poyet and others —with evangelists and saints, wonderful flowers, and fruits, and birds, and insects. It is actually one of the world's most superb illuminated manuscripts.

What Anne was she, who appears to us out of the past from a great age of courtiers? Diaphanously veiled hennins of gold and silver brocade bow before her like a forest of fairy steeples. The audience hall is a wave of obeisance. She has brought Brittany to France by her marriage to the young son of the eleventh Louis who, by the thrust of his march to Naples, is to prevent unification of Italy for four hundred years. The crested viper of Milan lures the Angevin line southward with pennoned armies. The timbals thunder. Charles the Eighth is even to break through the hosts of the League, at Fornova, still conquering. But read of him in Commines.

Anne's Charles is a young king of spirit but of dubious wits. He is not handsome. The regency of Anne of Beaujeu managed things for him upon his boyhood succession. And this sister Anne of his had seen to it that Maximilian of Austria failed to secure Anne of Brittany, and, with her, her father's fief. So, while Charles is south among the vineyards busy with his battles, Anne, his wife, rules France well. Her long, and often intensely sad and weary, royal life is decorously begun. This is that Anne who after Charles's death married Louis Douze, his successor, and swayed him with her intelligence, uncommon in her time. It is said that when young, she was beautiful. And when, at length, the pale warrior, Death, stood by her bedside in turn, and raised his vizor, the twelfth Louis, left to his empty throne, bit quivering lips upon his loss. For he saw rising the star of Angoulême and the swollen ambitions of Louise, the Savoyarde. Anne's daughter, Claude, had in that moment much need of her mother; for, as we know, after death had removed her mother's opposition to the match, Claude wed Francis the First.

Claude was also at her father's second wedding. A stranger than Louis the Twelfth's new marriage is rare in history. For the peace of France and England and the foiling of Ferdinand, the hand of Mary Tudor, young auburn sister to Henry the Eighth of England, was laid in that of the old and ailing French monarch. It was sanguine youth to the sacrifice, and all young romance—Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, being Mary's true love. Hectic gaiety indeed, that late dance of death of so senile a groom as Louis! And soon enough, indeed, the death-ringers through the streets of Paris tolled the end. It was Mary's release from the loathed marriage,—we may, in passing, be a little glad for her and for her future with Suffolk. It was the Savoyarde's fierce delight for her son Francis, her "Caesar." A brilliant modern poet and novelist has written an exquisite story, "King's Pity," with reference to Mary's side of the matter. But from the viewpoint of the aged Louis, this state alliance may, on his part, have been something less than "roses, roses all the way." Though for a brief space unloving and unwilling youth was in his arms, the festivities that assured his death must have seemed something in the nature of a nightmare.

But this was not Anne's life. This lay in the future. Anne instituted her own separate Court. She was a golden exemplar to its young ladies. Her Bretons felt that she had their affairs deeply at heart. She read devotional things. She conned her "Book of Hours." In that book were not written battle and rampant victory, the guile of the court or the duplicity of state affairs. I have thought upon that book, and I have set in rhyme a picture of it as I conceive her to have seen it, when her eyes looked through the beautifully bedizened and gilded page, and her head lifted as she stared at the wall, and her gentle hand lay lightly upon illuminated patterns as she mused. This, I believe, is the meaning of her Book and of La Bretonne:

Brilliant birds and flowers;
Anne's Book of Hours
Open on her knees;
Blue and green and gold,
Margins interscrolled
With vines and trees;

How the intricate page
Renders back the Age;
Sheaves and bowers,
Plenty neighbouring dearth—
Dark industrious earth,
Its Book of Hours!

Here, despite the Court,
See, in other sort
Glimmer clear
Those who swarm the soil,
Those who trudge and toil
Through the hardy year;

All a kingdom's folk,
Slow beneath their yoke,
Heavy, many, and slow;
Till their toil is done,
On,—through sleet or sun,
Through rain or snow!

Somewhat, perhaps, in this way she pondered; for, at her death, if the poor people had been articulate to express what they felt, it seems implicit in the pages of history that they might have enunciated something like the following,—again I shall lapse into verse:

Many years, many fears we have known; many shifts have seen;
We have endured the sword, plague, famine, siege.
From Blois they bore her bier. We loved this Queen;
We loved her lord, our Liege.

In the new year they bore her through the cold,
Through the Porte Saint Jacques the cavalcade moved on.
We were silent then; the world, it seemed, was old;
Dead, with our dear Bretonne.

Miserere! Through the evening, in the black,
The torches moved with the ladies and the lords,
Where gems would gleam and casements glimmer back
On brooches, rings, and swords.

By day, the six black horses, darkly led,—
Her stately head beneath the double crown. . . .
So real she seemed, being breathless, being dead,
Our hearts bowed down.

High in the gate the herald king-at-arms
Cried of this death, and cried it through the nave.
No thing availed, availed no sacred charms,
No hushed conclave;

Availed not even our hearts, our hearts being hers;
Nor even our Liege's love, his love being ours;
Her ladies' court nor all her ministers,
Her great estates or towers.

It is always possible, of course, to sentimentalize and romanticize history. Probably I have done so in this instance. The Queen was always the Bretonne; considered her own native country first. But that was highly natural. Hers were forced marriages, first by siege, second by article of contract. And yet what one reads concerning Anne of Brittany seems to sequester still a peculiar fragrance. I see her as a lady of great poise in the midst of a court life seething with intrigue and waving with martial banners. She is not a highly romantic queen. But it is true, I think, that she thought deeply concerning her own people, and that she was the friend of art.

The day of Francis was yet to dawn, in her day. And that was a day full of majesty, the day of a Renaissance monarch of high port and dazzling stature. I admit that I have never felt drawn toward Francis, though in his waste and folly and amours he was as full-blooded a king as he was in his physical courage, his soaring plans, and his patronage of the artists of the time. If he looked lasciviously upon the white swanlike shoulder of a Françoise, if he was deeply enamoured of damask and tapestry, panoply and trumpeting, he had a war-horse to bestride, a mailed horse with a flourishing plume of pride and a hoof of ringing iron; and when he rode over the Alps and down into the Lombard plain, he was, indeed, no long-legged boy, merely, destined (as Louis Douze had said of him and had thought of him in nightmare) to mount a frippery-flounced hobby-horse to the ruin of all. He was a poet, as well, who had heard the horn of Roland in a vision, and tossed the world like a glittering bauble in his hand. But I never liked his shrewd eyes and his big nose.

For Anne I admit great affection; which is hardly strange, since what I am writing is all about her and her Book. In that book there were many black hours. And she was no golden Marguerite of Navarre, herself to create imperishable literature. She was but a sober scholar of the book of life, but she possessed her own steadfastness and sympathy. So I have to come to the end of my small sixteenth century digression. We will leave Anne sitting by her casement, quietly reading in her book. Francis had his large library bound for him by Jean Grolier de Servier, his treasurer. On the center panels of the books' sides, it is said, the motto *"Portio mea domine in terra viventium"* alternated with *"Io. Grolierii et amicorum"* (the property, it signifies, of John Grolier and his friends). Here were sumptuous volumes, indeed, laced and scrolled with gold. Anne, herself, had her own large and valuable library. But to all of this, in retrospect, I prefer that single volume, the floriate "Livre d'Heures" of the Queen. It was a day when books of religious observance did not contemn gold leaf of perpetual burnish, bright singing colors, thick-crowding pictorial embellishment. So this book, I will believe, became her bower. Out on the smoky plain the destriers neighed and the kings fell in harness; behind black velvet arras the counsellors whispered and realms were betrayed. Anne sat in the bower of her book and essayed a higher satisfaction. In her Breton silk cap, girdled with the aureate cord of her duchy, she pored upon bright presentments of old Touraine. At her back stood Saint Anne, Saint Margaret, and Saint Ursula holding Attila's arrow and the Breton banner.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(To be continued)

Clinical Tales

CHILDREN AND FOOLS. By THOMAS MANN. Translated from the German by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS SHERWIN

MOST latter-day German fiction—unless for accuracy's sake you include the works of the so-well-with-himself-satisfied Emil Ludwig—produces in me the same stimulating effect as is derived from putting the tongue against the window pane. Its magnificos inspire nothing so much as a longing to turn the clock back some twenty years. They recall the ghastly interregnum in Teutonic letters that followed the death of Heine and preceded the advent of Sudermann, Wolzogen, Schnitzler, and Bahr. What a degringolade from the period of that brilliant coterie known as the Ueberbrett'l crowd, when Bierbaum, Hartleben, Liliencron, Dehmel, and Wedekind flashed trium-

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, *President*; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 43.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phantly on the reading world, heralding a golden age for tedescan literature. But alas! the promised golden age turns out instead to be that of Thomas Mann and Jacob Wassermann.

The foregoing jeremiad is part of the digestive process after the consumption of Thomas Mann's "Children and Fools," his latest opus to be published in America, in a rather wooden translation by Herman George Scheffauer. It is well for Mann that his status in the literate universe does not rest upon this collection of short stories. For not one of them has that arresting quality, whether of power, compassion, mirth, or irony which in a new author causes you to prick up your ears, wag your tail, and exclaim: "Here, by Goethe, is one of the real lads!" On the contrary, anybody who picked up the book merely on the strength of its creator's prestige and without having read his novels would rather groan: "Good Lord! If *this* is one of the premier literati of Germany—!"

We have here the Thomas Mann of "Der Zauberberg" rather than him who wrote "Koenigliche Hoheit" and "Buddenbrooks." A morbid fellow, trying to be clinical and not knowing quite how to accomplish it. At this sort of thing, to be sure, Schnitzler can write his head off, which is not surprising when you recall the medical background of the luminous Viennese. Mann has not the equipment for this job and, despite his long residence in the South, he has never been sufficiently able to shake off the North German protestant bourgeois.

Some of the tales are not bad. In fact, not one of them is downright villainous enough for real abuse. He is, after all, too sound a craftsman for that. The trouble with them is that, with three exceptions, they are unsatisfying, flat, desiccated. And even those three exceptions, in view of their clinical element, leave you with the feeling that they might have been better done.

* * *

The first, which bears the prosaic title of "Disorder and Early Sorrow," has considerable charm of sympathy. Moreover, its photography is excellent. I say photography deliberately in preference to portraiture. It gives the picture of a German professor and his family in the melancholy, straitened times just after the war. The pathology of the children born in the days of upheaval and neurotic disturbance is outlined with veracity and mature understanding. The robust, irreverent, and restless vitality of the elder offspring makes an interesting contrast. Humor is conspicuously absent from Mann's treatment. Perhaps you will object that it has no place in such a sonata. This I beg leave to question.

"Little Louise" is a grim study in pathetic cuckoldry with a gruesome note. After such a tale as this I cannot help thinking how much more illuminating and facile would be Schnitzler's wielding of this theme. Yet there is tragic feeling here.

"Little Herr Friedemann" gives the portrait of a man deformed as the result of an accident in his infancy. He conceives a passion for the town beauty, an aphrodisiac dame of quality. She encourages his grotesque infatuation in a purely sadistic spirit. In respect of workmanship this is the best story in the book.

The others will hardly bear description. They all deal with morbid specimens and conditions, except the one describing a fight between a couple of schoolboys. And they are, to me at least, disappointing.

"Mektub"

NAKED TRUTH. By CLARE SHERIDAN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE nakedness of Mrs. Sheridan's truth, like the scarlet and magenta flames and the "most daring woman in Europe" which decorate the jacket of her book, may be dismissed, of course, as a salesman's gesture—"custom of the country," as the Spanish say. The important thing is the picture of Clare Sheridan; the endeavor of a vivid and curiously undisciplined woman ("*enfant terrible* of Europe!" as a Frenchman once told her gallantly, "You put on an innocent face and play with bombs like a child who does not know that they can explode") to tell the story of her life.

This story falls, almost inevitably, into two parts of quite different tone and texture. The little Clare, who, with her faithful brother, Peter, lived such a strange, lonely, loveless childhood, beaten and terrified by an ogre of an Alsatian governess; even the young lady, who danced with midshipmen at Malta, painted in the lovely islands of Stockholm harbor with her friend, the Princess Margaret, and was dragged to London balls in the hope—to her distressing—that she might pick up a rich husband, has already dropped behind into that more or less enchanted mist in which youth is walled away. The globe-trotting sculptor-journalist, pausing, as the story closes, on the edge of the Algerian desert, can look back to that other Clare, see her "all round," and write of her, finely and feelingly, as if she were another person.

Along about the time she returned from that great adventure into Soviet Russia, in 1920, when she did busts of Lenine and Trotsky, suddenly found herself notorious, pursued by reporters and photographers, snubbed as a "Bolshevik" by old friends and at odds with her own people ("my father had expressed the pious hope that my throat might be cut in Moscow, as the only possible vindication of the family's honor"), there was a turning point. She had not learned, as her American publisher presently explained to her, the great contemporary art of "selling" one's self. But she was still young and

Thornton Wilder, whose "Bridge of San Luis Rey," (A. & C. Boni) won a Pulitzer Prize.
From a bust by Alexandre Archipenko

"free," for Wilfred Sheridan was killed at the front in 1915; well-born, beautiful, and clever; at once sensitive and insolent, a "personality," in short, and others were not lacking to do the selling for her. She was brought to America to lecture—unsuccessfully—to see something of our "best people," do a bust here and there, make money for herself and her two little children, and to spend so much more than she made—as was the custom of the family—that New York became quite "unlivable."

A newspaper offered her a roving commission to write about post-War Europe. She jumped at the chance, "prepared to sacrifice any old friendship that could be turned into my newspaper mill," and there began that strange, wild, and rather shoddy flight from celebrity to celebrity—Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini, Queen Marie, Charlie Chaplin, Berlin, Smyrna, Mexico, goodness knows who not and what—that mad dance, giving nothing and getting nothing real, and always away from what in quieter moments she felt to be her real self, which gives the latter half of her narrative its turgid, muddy texture and its tone of almost tragic futility.

When she was still a young girl, petted by Henry James and George Moore, friend of the poetess, Ethel Clifford, who was "Barrie, Maeterlinck, James Stephens, Yeats, Rossetti, stewed in a pot, seasoned with herbs and scented with jonquils," Clare Frewen, as she was then, wrote an article on country-house visiting for the *National Review*, in which she tried to "describe as insolently as possible all the kinds of houses I had stayed in, each with its type of hosts and guests."

That which she did then, anonymously and in a spirit of daredeviltry, she did for an American magazine, after she had visited the United States, quite knowingly and for cash. Whence these incredible manners—this notion, which seems persistent and instinctive, that she is somehow outside the usual amenities, and permitted, if people cross her or bore her, to spit in anybody's eye?

> Ever since my childhood (she writes) my spirit had been in revolt. The first seed was implanted the day my governess beat me before the housemaid. It was fostered by the invasion of my father's house by bailiffs. It was aggravated by the death of Wilfred in the War, and cemented by the attitude of my family and friends on my return from Moscow.

Fed, too, she might have added, by the constant fighting between her will to be an artist and the hostility, not only of her own people, but of her own habits and of other sides of her temperament. "Mud-puddling," was her father's description of her sculpture, while her efforts to earn her own living after her husband's death he dismissed as "cadging for fivers." But she, herself, although always dreaming in one corner of her consciousness of peace on the edge of a desert, on the other jumps instinctively to the society and style of living common to those preoccupied with wealth rather than with the laborious pursuit of beauty.

Her father made and lost several fortunes and was always on the edge of bankruptcy. Once when, as a girl, she and her mother visited Cannes ("if London could be flung into a basin, and the lighter elements that floated were skimmed, that would be Cannes"), a friend of the family, learning that the two were quite broke, slipped a fifty-pound note into her slipper. Mrs. Frewen sobbed when she heard of it, "My poor child! My poor, poor child!" and then "pulling herself together with an effort, suggested that we go to Monte Carlo, 'just for a day, darling, and have a little fling.'" They went, Clare won some twenty-five pounds, and "my mother suggested that as the Fleet was due in two days at Genoa we should go and meet it. And we did."

In spite of her art, which one of her sculptor friends called "journalism" but which she certainly has worked at with savage seriousness, she seems unable, for long, to keep away from the society of those her artist's soul despises, or the financial habits of her family. And this must make things very difficult.

The above is a somewhat long-winded attempt partially to account for some of the contradictions of this brilliant and impatient temperament, her unhappy knack of exasperating almost as much as she charms. All the first part of her story, the "finished" part: London, Ireland, Henry James, George Moore, the ogre governess, Kipling ("a jolly little man with a schoolboy humor, who would not have seemed anything much if his eyebrows had been shaved and one had not known his name"), the Auteuil convent, Stockholm, Italy, and the rest, is delightful.

* * *

No less delightful, though in a different way, is that delicious condensed novel which tells of her adventure with Kamenev; the philandering in England; the trip together to a mysterious and melodramatic Russia; Mrs. Kamenev ("this thin-lipped, hard-eyed bitchovitch") meeting them on the Moscow railroad platform; the relapse of the middle-aged Bolshevik Romeo (*"à Clare Sheridan qui a sait me dominer,"* the absurd little spectacled Commissar had written on his photograph!), into a more or less terrified husband, and poor innocent Clare left flapping and wondering why. Mme. Sheridan bivouacing, in a "flame-color and emerald dressing-gown, of vivid futurist design" in a passage-way outside the Kamenev's chamber in the Kremlin; Mme. Kamenev's wistful "You have *des jolies choses!*" as she passed sourly by; the German maid's *"Der Mann ist ein goldener Mensch, aber die Frau, sie jammert immer!"* all that inimitable episode tells things about the Moscow of 1920 which don't get into the usual histories.

There are similar jabs at Queen Marie and Mussolini—who seems to have behaved rather badly—but all this latter part has, somehow, a different air. As they left Stamboul, Mrs. Sheridan's little girl, Margaret, sobbed, "I can't bear it! Every time I grow to love a place and it becomes home, we uproot and go away." The mother promised that this should be the last time, but she wonders if really it is, and as she looks out over the Algerian desert she quotes the word "MEKTUB," which means, it seems, that whatever is to be, is written, anyway.

As a part of the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Tolstoy which takes place August 28, 1928, the state publishing office of the soviet government will undertake the publication of virtually everything in existence that he ever wrote. The work probably will consist of ninety-three to ninety-five volumes and is expected to be issued in about four years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roller Coaster Journalism

NO one will pretend that Sunday colored comics came into being in response to a spontaneous irresistible demand on the part of the American public. Nor can anyone assert with confidence that our daily press, of whatever type, meets the wishes of its audience. Neither the substantial newspaper nor the tabloid nor any of the grades between is provably a desired commodity. They interact one upon the other, and tend to seek the same level of mediocrity. We have a journalism for juveniles. I deny that it is what the majority of the public would like to have.

Against this assertion let me set up the obvious arguments. Here is a business which had a turnover last year of one billion, one hundred million dollars, three-fourths of which was derived from advertising. Its product was distributed on an immense scale, two copies daily for every dwelling, one copy Sundays for each family. Is not the proof of the paper in its consumption?

As for the tabloids, I question whether, with one or two exceptions, they are soundly marketable commodities. The eight-column press, by and large, is on a solid fiscal basis. Its product sells, but so does hootch. The man who drinks does not register approval of the bootlegger's decoction by purchasing it; he buys because he can get nothing else.

Or, since some reader may have access to real Scotch (there is no real Scotch in our daily journalism), let us consider another example. Mass circulation and a huge intake no more demonstrate that the press is giving the public what it wants than the popularity of the B. M. T. and the Interboro are proved by the indecent crowding which goes on in them while newspapers are having their big sale. The public has a herd habit of taking what it can get; and it probably complains no more of obscene subway jams than it complains of the manner in which its tastes are degraded and its standards lowered by the daily press. The analogy is not so far-fetched as you may at first surmise. Here we have two public utilities, a transit system presumably under some sort of public control through State and municipal commissions, and a publicity institution which, under the Constitution, arrogates to itself freedom from any supervision, control, or interference. Libel laws do afford an insufficient protection to the public, to be sure, just as civil suits offer a recourse to persons injured in the subway rush. But at the mere suggestion of a supervisory commission—a censorship commission—there would arise a newspaper howl to high Heaven.

* * *

The public has less choice as to what it shall read in its daily paper than as to the conditions under which it shall travel to and from work. Both the transit system and the newspaper are charged with a public use, and both betray their public.

Perhaps I should make an exception here of the *Christian Science Monitor*, an ably edited newspaper, published primarily for those who have embraced a certain religious faith. I am told that it pleases Christian Scientists, that it is what they want. But the *Monitor*, although now self-supporting, is nevertheless a subsidized publication. It has never been subjected to the fiercely competitive race for mass circulation which stultifies other newspapers. The others, yielding to the advertiser's demand for more and more readers, print news mainly to appeal to the average mind, the fourteen-year-old mind. If they report to us the goings-on at Geneva, it seems a sop to Cerberus. It is like publishing the work of Horace M. Kallen as a "front" while depending for funds on the work of Warner Fabian. For even our toplofty newspapers expect to pay dividends on an appeal to the juvenile intelligence.

Not one American daily of considerable circulation has ever embarked on the adventure of appealing solely to adult minds. I invite you to inspect them, from tabloids to *Times*. I ask you to decide for yourself whether your companion at the breakfast table or in the subway or beside the reading lamp is suitable for your society. Whatever the newspaper you read, consider the question: Is this a wished-for child of the American public?

Alexander P. Moore, on the occasion recently of purchasing two Hearst picture papers, offered a pronouncement of his journalistic ambitions and ideals. He had great faith in the future of tabloids, and might buy a string of them. They must print the news; if it were sensational, could he be blamed for that? But (and here our former Ambassador to Spain, at present Ambassador to Peru, waxed solemn as an owl), there would be no salacity in his papers —none!

Meanwhile Elinor Glyn continued in the New York *Daily Mirror*, one of the Ambassador's acquisitions, her glib discussion of sex appeal; and when her serial was completed Louis Joseph Vance made his appearance with "They Call It Love: The story of two New York girls in their venturesome search for love." I am one of those old-fashioned reporters who think that a newspaper is not a magazine, and has no proper place for fiction; but if I were going to print serials, probably that is the kind I'd prefer. Or perhaps (who knows?), I'd try out "Strange Interlude" as a serial; it's a lot more exciting.

* * *

If, however, Mrs. Glyn and Mr. Vance were my favorite authors, I'd present to my audience the other things one finds in the *Mirror*, under the distinguished ministrations of our Ambassador to Peru: picture serials of "Madame Bovary" and "Twenty Years After"; for one advantage of printing picture strips with a thread of text is that the reader is never in doubt as to the thrilling part. And I suppose I'd throw in eight or ten comic strips, as the *Mirror* does, the vulgarer and more asinine the better, plus a theatrical illustration of a female a little more than half naked, plus the usual "news" pictures of young women in quite short skirts, with their legs crossed. But it must be called a newspaper, of course, not a pulpwood magazine, so there must be a smattering of stuff about Texas Guinan, gangsters' fights, Lindbergh, wrecks, Gloria Swanson, sports, and scandal. This, briefly and accurately, is the kind of thing a picture paper is.

At last accounts Ambassador Moore was stepping along quite jauntily in the path toward tabloid glory. His deportment was not so interesting as the sudden retreat from this field of William Randolph Hearst. Having sold to Mr. Moore two of his picture papers (the other being the Boston *Advertiser*), this past master of Yellow Journalism completed his repudiation of up-to-the-minute yellowness by putting to death a paper 155 years old: the Baltimore *American*, which he "merged" with his *News* in that city. He had now washed his hands clean of that format, and was left with twenty-three eight-column newspapers.

Could this mean that tabloids didn't pay? That, in the case of Mr. Hearst, appears to be what it did mean. He is neither the inventor nor the sponsor of this type of paper, and he had not made a go of it. His ancient enemies, the owners of the Chicago *Tribune*, had originated the idea (if that be the word), by establishing in New York the *Daily News*, which now boasts the highest advertising linage rate in this country, and a circulation of a million and a quarter, which no other daily approaches. It was as a challenge to the *News* that Mr. Hearst established the *Mirror* four years ago, and by prodigious efforts brought its circulation up to the fifth highest in this country.

* * *

But how was the fifth circulation in size to compete with the largest? Newspaper advertisers, doting on mass circulation, dislike the tabloid format. It does not afford space for the billboard announcements most of them prefer in the daily press. Thus the *Mirror* never quite caught on. It was surprising to see Mr. Hearst, who has a costly reputation for hanging grimly onto the most desolate properties, thus admitting the failure of his biggest tabloid and making a clean sweep of all of them. He is a much more knowing publisher than most persons give him credit for; and his taking the veil thus publicly may give pause to other ambitious tabloideers.

For there is no sound evidence that the picture paper as such is a going business. One may strike a philosophic pose, and say that this sort of publication is a concomitant of democratic processes (as though we had a democracy in this country!); and it is true that the tabloids, dipping down for a subcirculation, may be regarded, in their capture of the adolescent mind, as a sort of kindergarten education for the reading of sound news. I doubt it. I doubt whether tabloid readers are translated often into newspaper readers; and even if I believed it I would question whether this offered any sort of basis for business success.

Sometimes the public has an opportunity to express a definite preference, not merely as to the type of paper it wants to read but as to the type of news it wants, and the manner in which it wants that news displayed. The difference between newspapers, by and large, is not qualitative but quantitative. All are dominated by the same journalistic conventions as to news. (The *Herald Tribune* will object, I'm afraid, to having this said.) The difference between newspapers arises from the quantities of news they select to pour into certain molds—sports, politics, foreign, crime, mystery, scandal, business, and so on. There is this generalization to be offered: that all of them, with the possible exception of one or two of small circulation, are enslaved to stereotypes nearly a century old, based on emotional rather than intellectual excitement.

Once in every so often, as I say, the public, or a part of it, has an opportunity to speak its mind regarding this emotional presentment of world and community tidings. The Minneapolis *Journal*, for example, printed only the briefest facts, say two "sticks-full," regarding the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. No newspaper's obligation to society required it to tell more than these few facts. Any newspaper which printed more did it to stimulate unconscious passions; and its purpose could only have been to gain additional circulation, to pick coins from the eyes of two dead felons. The Minneapolis *Journal* reaped its reward in a flood of approving letters and telephone calls, and in a permanent addition to its circulation surprisingly large in a city of that size.

* * *

Now, in New York the tabloid *News*, which printed a picture of the corset salesman's paramour in the death chair, picked up an added circulation of 300,000 from the electrocution. That was the top-notch figure. Other newspapers, according to the character of their reports, ranged down to 25,000 added circulation for the *Herald Tribune*, and 20,000 for the *New York Times*. Do not suppose that these latter papers gave any smaller volume of reading matter about the execution; to the contrary, they printed more text, and they printed it, obviously, in the hope of fattening their circulation figures. But their readers, I strongly suspect, meant to rebuke them by showing they didn't buy extra copies in order to read about a brutal and ghastly execution. It is probable that their extra sales came largely, if not wholly, from tabloid readers, whose tastes and appetites had been so debauched that they couldn't get enough without moving over to tables more soberly set forth.

The total addition that day to the circulation of all New York newspapers ran well past a million copies; but it was a *one-day* circulation, whereas the Minneapolis *Journal* found new readers likely to prove its devoted and constant friends. Possibly the newspaper advertiser will never learn that this enormous padding of circulation figures for a single day means nothing to him in the sale of commodities. Persons who buy one newspaper after another merely to get more details about a legal murder are not likely to look further than that one story. What prospect that in their excitement they will pore over advertisements? Yet the advertiser, who exercises discrimination in buying magazine space, will hear nothing, see nothing, touch nothing but mass circulation when he gets belatedly around to a newspaper. Shrewd fellow, too, he is supposed to be!

* * *

Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the Psychology Department of Temple University, said not long since that the newspaper performed for the adult the same function as the roller coaster for children. He had in mind the whole press, in its capacity as an entertainer and vehicle of "escape" stories; and *Editor and Publisher*, often a severe critic of its trade, agreed: "Monotony is unbearable, everyone escapes it if possible, and one of the chief reliefs from boredom is a printed page recording the day's grist of exciting human experiences head-lined and pointed for busy eyes." To this indictment by a psychologist, and the appearance voluntarily of one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Silas Bent

of the ablest newspaper men in America as a star witness in affirmation, let the press reply as best it may. All of us know that the primary function of a responsible newspaper is not to entertain and thrill, but to inform us of our unseen environment, and to supply the raw material of fact on which public opinion may be based. My own notion is that Dr. Bolton's observation fits somewhat more neatly such picture papers as the *Mirror* and the New York *Evening Graphic* (sometimes rudely denominated the *Pornographic*), which are true examples of a juvenile journalism. We have many papers more nearly grown up than they. Even the tabloid *News* prints a fair coverage in compact form of the day's tidings, and in that respect compares not unfavorably with some of its eight-column contemporaries. And there are other tabloids, of course, such as the money-losing Scripps-Howard paper in Washington, which are mainly informative, not picture papers in any sense.

But papers like the *Evening Graphic* may be dismissed from consideration as avenues of sound information on worthwhile subjects. They appeal to a mentality below the average mentality, which is the goal of our big city papers. They print material, whether "news" or features or fiction or comics or editorials, whether sports or pictures, calculated solely to amuse, or to stimulate and satisfy primitive hungers. They are peepholes upon scandals among "the élite." They gossip incorrigibly about screen stars, pugilists, stunt aviators, bathing beauties, and cabaret performers. They give counsel to the lovelorn, advice on beauty recipes, and assistance to the socially incompetent. They present a completely distorted world.

Thus they degrade the taste of their readers and set up wholly fictitious standards. It may be argued that the whole press does these things to some extent, but the real picture paper does nothing else.

At this juncture of attempting to make the picture tabloid out as a little worse than the run of the mine, I am sadly reminded of a story in which the whole press, or practically all of it, conspired. The story concerned an opera singer, and her first appearance on the stage of the Metropolitan.

There was nothing new about the methods used, and no spot news in the occasion. Whatever needed to be said should have been said, in just appraisal of a voice, by the music critics. But the press had found, in the case of Marion Talley and then of Mary Lewis, that to make an inspirational and romantic event out of such an occurrence sold papers; and so it did the same old ground and lofty tumbling for Grace Moore. You know the story: but I cannot forbear quoting to you, from the interview with Miss Moore, her advice to aspiring artists:

> You *can* do it if you have talent, persistence, courage, and the inward flame! First, have you God-given talent? If so, carry on beyond all obstacles! You must have the moral courage to face defeat smilingly, to keep your head up, your eyes straight to the front, and to shun the temptation of the primrose path. Carry on till you sing to "His Glory," till you can make a weary people forget the troubles of reality. And good luck go with you. Now I shall open my door. I want to go into the arms of my mother, my dad—who always believed in me. Au revoir!

This may have been said by a musical star, just graduated from "Hitchy-Koo," but it has the ring of the press agent about it. I am lost in amazement, despite my newspaper experience, at the greedy fashion in which the American press, dignified and tabloid, laps up such stuff. Half the stories presented to us as uncolored news arise from interested sources. But here again I return to my point: the percentage of press-agent stuff in the picture papers is even higher than fifty. Sometimes I wonder why they employ any reporters. Photographers, it would appear, are all they need.

The practice of illustrating news with half-tones, and then of printing separately whole feature sections of pictures in rotogravure, did not originate, of course, with the picture papers. It began more than half a century ago. But during the World War, when most of us distrusted the printed word because of the censorship we knew existed, we came to have a naive faith in pictures, as always telling the truth. We were wrong. They were frequently fakes. But we became, nevertheless, what newspaper men call "picture-minded." The tabloids have exploited this attribute further than their eight-column elders. There is as a fact nothing new about the picture papers, either as to their illustrations, or their format, or the kind of news and features and comics and fiction they print. So far as I know their only contribution to American journalism is the illustration-serial. That, I believe, they may claim the credit for.

Yet these highly emotional and irresponsible

MRS. KNAPP IN COLLAPSE

an Illustrated HOME NEWSPAPER — NEW YORK EVENING GRAPHIC — Final Edition

Vol. 4, No. 1325. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1928

'PEACHES' DENIES LOVE LURE

CITY GRAFTING GANG LED BY MASTER MIND

By LOU WEDEMAR

Sensational developments broke with stunning rapidity today in the city-wide graft investigation growing out of charges of $45,000,000 corruption in the Street Cleaning Department.

1.—Two days after beginning his probe of the pay roll steal, Commissioner of Accounts James A. Higgins today has in his possession information incriminating a "master mind" in the scandal.

2.—Commissioner Higgins admitted

(Continued on Page 2)

TUCKER PROTEGE KIDNAPED, HE SAYS

Swallowed up in the city's swirl for five days and nights, while relatives fretted and police searched for him, Richard Austyn Granville, 20-year-old publisher, walked into the East 35th Street station early today with a kidnaping story that sent chills running up and down the spine of the hardiest sleuth.

It was a tale of guns and stilettos, of oil-

(Continued on Page 11)

Doesn't Like Him

JILTS baron at the altar!—It's all off between Winifred Barry (above), stage star, and Baron Giorgio Mario Soriano. Crash came before wedding yesterday when Winifred learned that the baron had tried to sell his title for cash.

Sleuth Saves Infant at Fire

A baby was saved from death and a serious fire averted in the six-story apartment house at 565 60th St., Brooklyn, today through prompt action by Detective Edward Swift of the Fort Hamilton station.

The house started in the first floor suite of Herman J. Blanton when the current on the crib to which the Blanton baby was asleep was applied by a toaster.

Running to the apartment, the detective carried out the child, and going back beat out the flames with a rug grabbed up from the dining-room floor. The draft was blamed for the blaze.

MRS. KNAPP NEAR BREAKDOWN OVER RETRIAL ORDEAL

ALBANY, May 9.—The iron nerve of Mrs. Florence E. Knapp, former secretary of state, snapped today and she is reported to be on the verge of a breakdown.

Confidently expecting an acquittal, her disappointment at the failure of the jury which had heard charges of misappropriating 1925 census funds to reach an agreement came as a bitter and disappointing blow to her.

(Continued on Page 2)

CHINESE ARMY MOVES TO ATTACK JAPANESE

TOKIO, May 9 (By U. P.)—Chinese Nationalist troops, which have been fighting the Japanese expeditionary force in Shantung province, today were officially reported to be crossing the Yellow River towards Tenchow.

(Continued on Page 4)

PEACHES DENIES SHE IS A LOVE THIEF

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—"I don't believe that woman is in her right mind. Why, the very idea!"

Outraged innocence, in the person of Mrs. Frances Heenan (Peaches) Browning, thus summed up today its attitude toward the divorce suit brought against Edger F. Allan, theatrical booking agent, by his wife, Katherine—a suit in which "a Mrs. Browning" is named as corespondent.

And, undeterred by the memory of her many legal tilts with Daddy, Peaches intimated that she was herself prepared to institute action against her detractor—for slander.

This would make it a

(Continued on page 8)

STOP PRESS NEWS

WESTERLY, R. I., May 9 (By U. P.)—Authenticity of a message found in a bottle at Watch Hill Beach, and bearing the name of Princess Lowenstein, last transatlantic aviatrix, was doubted by authorities here today.

CURTISS FIELD, L. I., May 9—The crew of the Pantera monoplane Bremen left here today at 10.40 a. m. in the monoplane's 9-33, silver strip of the Bremen, for Philadelphia, on the first leg of their scheduled goal will air tour of the United States and Canada.

BRESCIA, ITALY, May 9 (By U. P.)—A violent hailstorm covered today in northern Italy and did damage to crops estimated at several million lire.

WASHINGTON, May 9 (By U. P.)—Secretary of Commerce Hoover told the Senate Campaign Investigating Committee today that he had made no personal expenditures to get the Republican presidential nomination.

Loughran-Lomski To Fight Again | Special Pink Sports Section | U. S. Golf Stars Seek British Title

EXHIBIT A

dwarfs have had their influence on their big brothers. Even our most sedate dailies have learned now to print whole pages of pictures. The Associated Press, a news agency serving twelve hundred of our most complacent papers, has formed a subsidiary to serve pictures to such of its members as will buy. It began with forty "glossies" weekly, and is now distributing one hundred and thirty. The same influence is betrayed in the drift to triviality in the news this and its competing agencies are distributing. All of them are increasing their sports departments, which are their immediate equivalent of the roller coaster. Are they doing this for the tabloid picture papers? No, most grave and reverend seignors, not for the tabloids, but at the demand of our most grave and reverend newspapers.

In the last four years the *New York Times* has increased the space devoted to sports—mostly commercial sports, of course—from two pages to three and a quarter pages; the *World* in that period has grown from 16.5 to 20.5 columns daily; the *Herald Tribune's* increase has been six columns, or three-fourths of a page. "Our policy," says the assistant managing editor of the last-named paper, "is to limit the ballyhoo of professional sports as much as possible." He is authority for the statement that sixty per cent of the local news printed in his daily is sport stuff.

In a city as interesting as New York, and a world as complex as ours, it may seem to some readers that a disproportionate amount of space is being giving over to arousing in newspaper readers a vicarious sense of prodigious valor and prowess. The editors don't think so. "Sport news," one of them said recently to *Editor and Publisher*, "comes nearer than anything else I know of to the common denominator of news. There is probably more universal reader interest in the sports pages than in any of the other parts of the modern newspaper."

These men would deny with indignation, I do not doubt, my suggestion that the abdication of their news function to the inflation of sport tommyrot has been influenced by the immense circulation of the *Daily News* or by the astonishing growth, in four years, of the *Daily Mirror* from nothing to nearly half a million readers. Yet in the nine years since the *News* was founded the journalistic pace toward inconsequence, as manifested not only in sports but in other categories of news, has been vastly accelerated.

Now, there is no denying that the rapid industrialization of the United States has contributed to the maintenance of the old emotional stereotypes of news. It has contributed in two ways: first, by demanding mass circulation of newspapers in marketing its commodities through advertising; second, by setting up that monotony from which, as Dr. Bolton observes, the worker, with more leisure on his hands, demands an escape. The newspapers, having found that the old penny-press formula did sell papers (just as the same sort of stuff in pulpwood newsstand magazines, fictionally presented, sells them by the hundreds of thousands), have never found the courage to call a halt and try out seriously the kind of paper which would be mentally engrossing, without an insistent appeal to the emotions. The imperative demand for large circulations, in order that the advertiser might exploit a certain attitude of mind, was not to be brooked.

Since the experiment has never been tried, there is no way of securing the success of a newspaper edited solely for intelligent persons, rather than mainly for the fourteen-year-old mind, through devoting about one-fourth of the news space to sports, whole pages to murder trials, and $1,500,000 in one year to the purchase of stunt aviation stories, as the *New York Times* has done.

There is no way, as I say, of proving that a large public wants the other thing, the intelligent thing; but neither is there any way of proving that there is an authentic public demand for what is now being sold, either by our "better-class" press or by the despised tabloids. It would be amusing if the *Daily News*, which has frightened the eight-column publishers to the very verge of their graves by its phenomenal growth, were to give them another and more useful scare. It is already a crusading picture paper; unaided it forced the Senatorial investigation into the soft-coal mine strike; and it prints daily, as I have told you, a considerable coverage of news. What if it were to venture the untried experiment? It would be most engaging to watch this tabloid, by a gradual change of policy and content, exhibit to the self-satisfied eight-column press a courageous, critical, actually informative daily.

It *would* be amusing. But it won't happen.

Mr. Silas Bent was on the editorial staff of the New York Times *from* 1918 *to* 1920, *and for some years thereafter wrote many important feature articles for that paper. Before he joined the* Times *he had been on papers in Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis, Mo., and was for a time Professor of Journalism at the University of Missouri. During the last few years he has been a free-lance writer, contributing frequently to the* World's Work, *the* Dial, *the* Nation, *the* Nation's Business, *and other periodicals. His "Ballyhoo, the Voice of the*

(*Continued on page* 886)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hourglass

SOMETIMES, sitting in a crowded smoking-car during a spring epidemic of colds, you hear everyone coughing and sneezing and have that unpleasant feeling that the air about you is crowded with germs. The prudent man settles as close into himself as possible, gets behind his newspaper, drags pensively on his pipe—and reflects that it is exactly the same with the whole mental atmosphere of humanity. The medium we think is more than a little poisoned with false doctrine, sentimental triviality, and all manner of contagious drivel: so you sit tight and chew your own notions and say nuffin to nobody.

* * *

I am always pleased by the advertisements about "the smartness of reptile shoes," it seems so very Biblical. For I remember something about bruising the serpent with your heel.

* * *

The other day, looking at some grass, I realized better than ever before the extraordinary greatness of Walt Whitman's title for his book. To take as his emblem this commonest, humblest, most disregarded and yet most satisfying of all earth's generosities, that I think was genius.

* * *

In a South Carolina town (so we learn from a client) there is a woman who owns a copy of "The President's Daughter." Much pestered by appeals for subscriptions to charity, and also by requests to read the book, she turned her copy into a Loan Fund. She rents it for 25 cents a day and gives all the proceeds to her church and to the Missionary Society. Her waiting list for the book now has 20 inches of names.

* * *

I hope Sime Silverman, the editor of *Variety*, doesn't mind my lifting things from his admirable paper now and then; for I do it in pure homage to the liveliest edited journal I know. For several weeks I've been trying to squeeze in here a reprint of Jack Lait's review of *Volpone;* but here is something that can't wait, Jack Conway's remarks about Mae West's play *Diamond Lil.* A little acquaintance with Con's argot will be very instructive to readers of the *Saturday Review:*

Go over and get a hodful of Mae West in "Diamond Lil" and try and get a couple of duckets in the next to the last row. If you do, be sure and take a peek at those stockholders and the relatives. Mae has 50 per cent. of the joint and also gets a royalty. The stockholders can't understand why they can't get some one a little cheaper. Take Mae out of that opera and it wouldn't draw fishcakes.

She remains the stage Babe Ruth of the prosties, and threatens to become an institution. It won't be long before the yokes will be demanding a squint at her, and she ought to prove as popular in the sticks as Odd McIntyre.

The play is a throw-back to the days when Jimmy Doyle used to walk into the Chatham Club, put his iron hat on the piano and coo ballads until the chumps ran out of throw money, and the broads were reefing their own gams for sugar.

"Diamond Lil" has a ward politician, rival heavy, Salvation Army captain who turns out to be a copper, and all the riff-raff that used to haunt the sawdust on the floor joints in the days when a street cleaner could get a workout on the Bowery.

Mae is the leader's gal and has a yen for the sky chauffeur. There is also a spick from Rio, who is supposed to be the magimp of another jane but is making a play for Mae. The other frail cops a sneak on them while her spaghetti bender is giving his arteries a workout in Mae's boudoir. She tries to stick a shive in Mae, but our heroine turns the sticker and croaks the other moll. When they blast in, Mae has covered the stiff's pan with her own hair, and is combing it. (Directors, please note.)

The boudoir would get a rise out of a Grand Rapids furniture salesman. It has a gilded swan bed that looks like it might have come from the Everleigh Club. They also have a junkie who takes a couple of blows and talks about buying New York. That kind of a hophead went out with hoopskirts.

The opera is doing business and the nut must be very reasonable, so it looks like a pipe for eight weeks more anyway.

But don't muff those stockholders. Crashing the window, you will notice them to your left, lined up like a double octet. As the curtain takes it on the lam upward you will hear them beating the hambos to the punch lines. If anybody in the troupe has on anything new, the stockholders will give you the office, if you listen. Also the salaries.

Jo Jo of the raucous pipes is prominent in the back room scene. He sings his laughing hyena song and goals them. Mae sells "Frankie and Johnny" and "Easy Rider" like Millie De Leon sold hip waving in the old days.

You could take the same book and troupe, spot it in a modern cabaret, dress up the frails in modern clothes and it would play just as well and probably have more appeal. The fillies in long skirts would be safe now on double fifth and wouldn't get a tumble at a longshoreman's picnic. Mae manages to look seductive and voluptuous, after spotting the peasants a couple of armorplate body grippers and three old-fashioned low-necked gowns. She also wears those striped stockings that used to be so popular in the "Police Gazette."

The play will entertain any of the old-timers, due to its reminiscent qualities; the younger generation will get a great kick out of it and a flash at the way they did those things when mother was a girl.

* * *

Browsing through the Folder, I find an advertisement, received a year or more ago, concerning a magazine called *Larus* which announced itself as about to begin publication at 12 Baker Street, Lynn, Mass. *Larus's* description of itself was so engaging that I have several times wondered whether the journal came into existence and lived up to its prospectus. This is what it said of itself:

Although published in New England, it will not be devoted to polite papers by pleasant gentlemen, luting the balm of the Concord woods, or relating with bated breath what dreadful things Mark Twain said about Emerson at that so unfortunate banquet; nor will it be wistful or whimsical.

It will not, having begun well under strong leadership, succumb to females and slip gently into quasi-modern senility.

It is not "smart," God save the mark: one can learn from it neither that fresh and timely epigram made by Jean Cocteau (twenty gold years ago), nor what brand of patent cereal is had for breakfast by that famous horse "on which the son of England never sets," nor whether iguana or armadillo is the correct leather for the tops of button shoes.

It will not be built upon prejudice, nor mould its readers into a self-conscious group, with on the one hand a profession of independent intelligence, and on the other a mob-attitude.

It does not titillate the ganglia by artistic lubricity, nor attempt a literary substitute for glandular therapy.

It is not an organ for a mutual admiration society of nice young people.

It is not a political tract.

It is not hare-brained, appearing with its cover upside-down, or on edge, or, indeed, with its mentality upside-down or on edge, either.

In brief, LARUS is not a popular magazine; it is for the very few, and they of the highest order.

* * *

If the allusion to "pleasant gentlemen luting the balm of the Concord woods" was by any chance intended as a nifty at Thoreau's expense, the identification is inadequate. What one likes best in Thoreau was his arrogance. The man who remarked that Emerson, shooting at beer-bottles on an Adirondack vacation, was no better than a cockney picnicker, lived on a high serene of ethical certainty which is good to contemplate. It is true that whiles one finds something a little meagre and frosty in the judgments of those vanished Massachusetts mandarins (I myself like to think of Ralph Waldo popping off the beer-bottles with his fowling-piece), sometimes one wonders if the ascete and eremite, no matter how exquisite his memoranda on pantheism, was not a mere child in the art of living. For there is a certain furious and tragic merriment in the compromises of modern life: to be ground in the hopper and still extract one's silences and Buddhist interludes. Silence should be something advanced upon and won; not something retreated to. There seems to me something tragically negative, for example, in Thoreau's comment on Whitman—"As for sensuality in *Leaves of Grass*, I do not so much wish that it was not written, as that men and women were so pure that they could read it without harm."

It is true that the most enchantingly acceptable philosophizations have usually been written by celibates. Family men are more wary about uttering these lustrous positivisms. Thoreau's contempt for the audiences to whom he lectured was not, I think, an engaging trait. He could fall in love with a shrub-oak but not with a human being. His idea of lecturing was to read a manuscript essay; he regarded the occasion as a success if the gathering was so dismayed that no one dared speak to him afterward. He was courteous to woodchucks and turtles; but aren't we all? It's being courteous to human beings that requires Galilean hardihood. He was rather pleased with himself when he chased a straying shoat for hours and finally caught him and wheel-barrowed him home. But isn't that what domestic or metropolitan man has to do every day and all day long? The ineffable greased pig of his secret joy, you can see him pursuing it grimly, under the scarps of terraced buildings or in the bewildering discipline of paternity.

* * *

But, as I say, it is for this arrogant and fugitive certainty that one loves Thoreau. He was happy, and therefore his doctrine was true; happiness refutes all argument. One laconic entry in his journal always seems to me specially characteristic. "Aug. 9, 1854. To Boston. *Walden* published. Elder-berries." For his books have just the tart sweetness, the acrid refreshment, of elder-berry wine. Perhaps he really knew very little of life; or perhaps he knew more than it is safe for any man to suspect; you can argue it convincingly either way. He left us books that provide one with debate, full of beautiful troubling elixir. Perhaps he was himself a bit like the shrub-oak he fell in love with—"Rigid as iron, clean as the atmosphere, hardy as virtue, innocent as a maiden." He was much more than a "pleasant gentleman." He was the man who cried out, when he saw women wearing jewelry, that a pearl was "the hardened tear of a diseased clam, murdered in its old age"; and said, after lecturing in the basement of a church, "I trust I helped to undermine it." If he had been alive, he would certainly have spent 1917-18 in jail.

* * *

I had only meant to make a casual allusion to Thoreau, but having got so far I may as well go on a stick or two further. Some day perhaps I might read some of the books about him; *Walden* and the Journals are my only lore. Odell Shepard's admirable condensation, "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals," is an anthology alive with the purest bourbon of the mind. If one were a collector, among the books most charming to own would be one of those 706 copies of *A Week on the Concord* which the publisher returned to him as unsalable (about 215 were actually sold, of the first edition of 1000) and which he carried up to his attic. Who ever forgets his immortal memorandum—"I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself."

Speaking as a financier, there is bound to be a bull market in Thoreau. H. M. Tomlinson, when he was here a few months ago, was amazed at the low price at which it was possible to buy a First of *Walden.* But we have seen, in ten years or so, *Moby Dick* rise from about $2½ to $250. The same will very possibly happen to Thoreau, for he has something to say to us that few have ever said quite so definitely. I know of two men of letters, both ardent dabblers in speculation, who (being hard up) bought a First of *Walden* jointly, and put it carefully in a safe against the anticipated rise. When the price gets up to $100 they intend to cash in. When that time comes I will tell you who they are.

Thoreau worked for a dollar a day as odd-job man; but his oddest job of all was that of trying to guess the truth.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roller Coaster Journalism

(*Continued from page* 885)

Press," was published last year by Boni & Liveright. "A conspectus of modern metropolitan newspapers in the United States, primarily it is concerned with marked changes which have come to them during this generation." For much of the material of his book the author went to original sources, to pamphlets and trade journals.

There is, of course a voluminous literature on journalism. We cull from it, as particularly germane to Mr. Bent's discussion of the tabloids, the following titles: "Main Currents in American Journalism," by Willard G. Bleyer (Houghton Mifflin); "History of American Journalism," by James Melvin Lee (Houghton Mifflin); "History of Journalism in the United States," by George Henry Payne (Appleton); "Ethics of Journalism," by Nelson Antrim Crawford (Knopf); "Conscience of Newspapers," by L. M. Flint (Appleton); "Commercialism and Journalism," by Hamilton Holt (Houghton Mifflin); "Public Opinion," by Walter Lippmann (Harcourt, Brace).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nutmegs from Nightingales—A Page of Verse

The New Doll's House

By Humbert Wolfe

FOREWORD

WHAT furniture
from what strange stores
must we provide, what
visitors,
now that Christina
Jane has gone,
and bought a West-end
Mansion?

THE DOORPLATE

First we'll inscribe
upon the plate,
"Who enter here,
abandon hate!"

THE SCRAPER

Then on the scraper
sorrow must
be rubbed off cleanly
with the dust.

THE ENTRANCE HALL

Next in the entrance
hall we'll hang
a miniature of
Andrew Lang,
writing below, "Lest
we forget—
from Graziosa's
Percinet."

THE DRAWING-ROOM

Then in the drawing-
room that should
be exquisite with
satin-wood,
emblem of spring immor-
tal, we
will have a bronze
Persephone.

THE BEDROOMS

The bedrooms shall be
gay with hints
of flowered Jacobean
chintz,
and all the beds
designed in pale
mahogany by
Chippendale
(weed wide enough,
as William* said,
to wrap a fairy in
her bed).

* *I.e.* W. Shakespeare.

THE GARDEN

The garden full of
trees and chickens.

THE LIBRARY

The library of
Grimm and Dickens.

THE KITCHENS

And in the kitchens
we shall come
out strong with
aluminium
and copper pans, but
best of all,
I think, we'll like
the Servants' Hall.

THE STAFF

Because as servants
for this palace
we'll have the footmen
out of "Alice"*
(but not, I think, the
cook, unless
we're short of pepper)
and—oh yes!
to see that people
use the scrapers,
the housemaid out of
"Pickwick Papers."†

* *I.e.* "Alice in Wonderland."
† By Mr. Charles Dickens.

THE VISITORS

(A) *The Smaller Fry*

Among the smaller fry,
who'll come
at intervals, will
be Tom Thumb,
the little man who
had a gun,
and Jack (I mean the
beanstalk one),
the valiant tailor.
Tiny Tim,
and Mr. Wordsworth's
Little Jim,
Little Miss Muffet,
and Boy Blue,
the young Achilles
whom we knew
not as a hero
sulking in
his Trojan tent, but
as the tin
soldier, although a
toy,
braver than all the
kings at Troy.

(B) *The Rather Immortals*

Then once in every
year for luck
we'll send a telegram to Puck,
and, ringing up the
cowslip's bell,
telephone to Ar-
iel.

(C) *The Immortals*

And finally when all
things seem
not mine and yours, but
Shakespeare's dream,
will tremble, some
Midsummer night,
luminous in the
candle-light
of the long road from
Babylon,
Titania and
Oberon.

CONCLUSION

So furnished shall
the house for us
immutably be
populous
with childhood's loves,
since these and verse
have been the two
upholsterers.

On a New Philosophy

By Leonard Bacon

SHALL we, because the German tire went flat
And an enormous egocentric class,
Full of monomania stiff and crass,
Collapsed, and now is screaming like a rat
Cornered by terriers in a garden-plat,
Believe this tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
Pregnant with horrors that will not come to pass,
Based on huge evidence of this and that?

Nay! there are art and music, poetry
And shining sciences. So let him gibe.
All the besotted learning of his tribe,
The intellect's sterility and drouth,
Are not sufficient to make clear to me
That ginger shall no more be hot in the mouth.

To Be Concrete

By Dorothy Homans

THE PARAMOUNT BUILDING

CITIZEN, you sprawl upon your throne
With crown askew.
And when you eat, drops of gravy
Fall upon your crimson velvet waistcoat
Trimmed with rhinestone buttons.

THE AQUARIUM

Once famous for the voice of Jenny Lind.
Now famous for the silence of the finned.

FRENCH BUILDING ON A CLEAR DAY

A bronze giant with vermilion hair,
Flapping brass cymbals,
Leaps up a marble stair
To kiss the sun.

NEW YORK SKYLINE—7 P. M.

Behold against an opal sky,
A golden honeycomb.
How do you or how do I
Dare speak of it as home?

Advice To My Daughter

By Rosemary Carr Benét

IT is not odd that you should mock a voice
Which you have seldom heard; or nightly range
Your shoes as she did by a chair. Nor strange
That you like yellow best which was her choice.
High courage and cut fingers interest you
As they did her. They do not interest me.
Such likenesses might well creep out anew
Thanks to the workings of heredity.

But not, my child, that gaze as of the just
Unjustly blamed. That still, Scotch look that ranked
My youthful sins. Choose something else instead.
Inherit other virtues if you must.
But do not leave me feeling that I've spanked
Your grandmother and sent her up to bed.

The Painted Desert

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

THE NAVAJO

LEAN and tall and stringy are the Navajo,
Workers in silver and turquoise, herders of flocks,
Their sheep and goats cover the hills like scattered rocks,
They wear velvet shirts, they are proud, they go
Through the sage, upright on thin bright horses,
Their speech is low,
At their necks they gather the black smooth cataract of their locks,
Quick are their eyes and bright as the eyes of a fox,
You may pass close by their encampments and never know.

IN WALPI

There is an eagle screaming from a roof
In Walpi, a black eagle with pale eyes.
The kitchen smoke
Morning and evening rises in pale columns
About him. At noon the heat beats down
Upon his head and lies like fire on his shoulders.
He never sees the Indians below him,
His captors, all day his look goes out
Across the striped reds of the painted desert,
All day he looks far off to cloud-hung mesas,
All day he screams.

CEREMONIAL HUNT

As the racing circle closed in like a lasso
Of running dogs and horses, as the sage was swept,
Out of the turmoil suddenly upward leapt
A jack-rabbit's fawn and jet, with its great soft eye
And fantastic ears outlined against the sky,
Hanging in life a strange moment, then falling back
From that remote beautiful leap to the teeth of the pack,
And the trampling hoofs and the Indians' thin halloo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The War Riddle

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR. By CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. 1927. $3.

JANUS, THE CONQUEST OF WAR. By WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (To-day and To-morrow Series). 1927. $1.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

"MANY voices, especially in America, demand that war shall be outlawed," observes Professor William McDougall in his new pocket-size manual of the war problem, "Janus, the Conquest of War." "I have tried in vain to discover behind this cry some trace of rationality, some evidence of considered purpose, some plan of action, however impracticable or ineffective." And there you have a quite adequate criticism of Dr. Clayton C. Morrison's well meant but inadequate volume, "The Outlawry of War," though Professor McDougall is not referring to him specifically, but to the whole school which he represents.

Dr. Morrison is a distressing example of the clerical mind at grips with a major problem. He is full of ringing phrases—and a resolute ignoring of the facts. He looks the difficulties unflinchingly in the face—and passes on; or rather, he makes large and noble gestures, intended to sweep the difficulties cavalierly to one side—and fails to see that the rudest of the difficulties obstinately will not budge. It is doubtful whether he ever really understands that after all the gestures, he has contributed nothing whatever to the clarification of his problem. As he himself observes, he has "no thought that ingenious and protracted strategy is needed to solve it." And as ingenious and protracted strategy is precisely what *is* needed to adjust the discordant interests of sixty-odd nations, that is the chief trouble with his book. It would be pleasant if we could have the millennium overnight; but we can't, and we might as well make the best of it.

But what is Dr. Morrison's plan? "Let us find one nation," he says, "that is willing to abandon the old ways of war and to adopt the ways of law on the single condition that the other nations will join with it in doing so." To which any one cognizant of present international realities will instantly rejoin: "Puzzle: find the nation!" Several weak states without powerful allies would doubtless be glad to do it, but unfortunately weak states count for singularly little in the modern world's race for power and dominion over palm, pine, and anything else in sight.

"Let that nation so declare itself," continues Dr. Morrison blandly, undisturbed by these disturbing considerations, "and call upon other nations to respond by making similar declarations." Such procedure, he assures us, "could not fail of results." America, he believes—one can hear the foreign offices chuckling—is the nation in the best position to make this impressive gesture; for "her sole stake in the victory was the attainment of the moral end for which she helped to win it." It is fair to say that Dr. Morrison doesn't mean to be ironical! The thought the nations would reject such a proposal seems to him "to betray an ignoble conception of mankind." Well, mankind isn't very noble; and it has in the past suffered enough from what was advertised as nobility to be wary of any more.

Professor McDougall's book suffers from minor blunders. It is, for example, painful to hear the military editor of the "Britannica" renamed B. H. *Fiddell* Hart, or Colonel J. F. C. Fuller transformed into G. T. P. Fuller. More serious, to an avowed believer in them, is Professor McDougall's underemphasis of the economic causes which quite plainly underlie the major conflicts of the last half century and which are still at work. He does admit the rapid increase of population in overcrowded countries to be a "serious and direct cause of war," but he fails to see that this overcrowding—or the menace of it—is related to the race for colonies, markets, raw materials, spheres of influence, and naval bases which disturbs the modern world. He would, on the other hand, have us regard the fear of aggression as the root of the whole matter, forgetting to explain satisfactorily why nations become aggressive in the first place. But unlike Dr. Morrison, he is not blind to the realities of modern world politics. He points out that "complete general disarmament of the civilized nations is not desirable; that its realization would not only imperil all civilization, but also would certainly and speedily lead to its submergence under the hordes of barbarism." Believing that "our civilization rests and for an indefinitely long time must rest upon a basis of ordered force," he nevertheless looks hopefully toward an internationalism which will not conflict with the claims of nationalism, but which shall serve to combine nations in "a higher unity, a commonwealth of nations," so that international law may become genuinely effective.

It is difficult to endorse all of Professor McDougall's ideas. No scholar expects complete agreement with his views. But it is difficult to imagine a more condensed or useful statement of the whole war problem. The faults of "Janus" are, after all, either matters of detail or matters of opinion.

A Great Scientist

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY. PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS. By CHARLES L. LEWIS. U. S. Naval Institute. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. STEVENS.

IT is high time that we had a biography of this man. Without question he was one of our greatest scientists. In his own lifetime he was acclaimed and formally honored by European nations, but among his own countrymen he received small recognition during his lifetime, and that little was speedily forgotten after his death. When in 1915 the Superintendent of the Naval Academy proposed naming one of the new buildings "Maury Hall" there were well informed persons in and out of the navy who asked "who was Maury?" Since then his native state, Virginia, and the navy have made amends, but though all the charts issued by the Hydrographic Office still bear the phrase, "Founded upon the researches made and the data collected by Lieutenant M. F. Maury, U. S. Navy," he is still a prophet without honor in his own country.

Briefly, Maury founded the science of Oceanography. His studies of winds and currents in his own day shortened long voyages by weeks at a saving of millions every year to the commerce of the world. It was his knowledge that plotted the course of the first transatlantic cable. Maury put the Seven Seas—winds, currents, bottoms—into the field of accurate knowledge.

There are two principal reasons for Maury's lack of recognition at home. First, he was an officer in the navy, and a military organization does not encourage initiative or criticism from young officers. Maury incurred the displeasure of the older Brahmins of the service by his exposure of the evils in the naval service of his days. He argued, for example, that there should be a naval school on the ground that the existing system tended to produce only "ignorant bullies." This was true but not tactful. The founding of the Naval Academy was largely the result of his recommendations, but the fact that he was right did not help. Even more did he offend the powerful men in Congress who were on the Naval Board, for he exposed the shocking graft in the construction and repair of the ships in the navy. The result was that he was always hampered by important personages who had been offended.

Secondly, he followed Virginia into the War of Secession. This, of course, made him a "rebel" to the North. Not only was his scientific career rudely interrupted, but even in the South his ill luck pursued him, for Jefferson Davis and Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, had little fondness for him. Thus he was given no opportunity to distinguish himself in the war. The fact that afterwards he had flattering offers from other governments and for a while was on the staff of Maximilian in Mexico did nothing to make his name popular in his own country. He finished his career as a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, eking out his small salary by writing geographies.

Professor Lewis spent several years in the preparation of this biography, and has done a readable, but scholarly piece of work.

IN *Burning Bush*, his first volume of poetry since *Roast Leviathan* in 1923, Louis Untermeyer proves a new power. The old exuberance, the quick sympathy, the wit are here, but fused and heightened. Possibly the outstanding quality of Mr. Untermeyer's most recent work is its simplicity. It no longer summons muscular epithets or heaven-storming adjectives; the tone is quieter and surer. There is a closer identification with the outer world as well as a deeper understanding of "the dark chamber." These poems are almost exclusively lyrical, many of them sounding new musical possibilities in rhyme. "Long Feud," "Yet Nothing Less," "Country Evening," "Disenchantment," among others, will be quoted and not quickly forgotten.

BURNING BUSH

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Frontispiece by ROCKWELL KENT

"He has realized his complete maturity in poetry."—HERBERT GORMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

Second Printing. $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

Various Books

The Newer Knowledge of Bacteriology and Immunology
Edited by E. O. Jordan and I. S. Falk
$10.00

Feudal Germany
By James Westfall Thompson
$5.00

Childbirth
By William George Lee, M.D.
$3.00

Problems of the Pacific
Edited by J. B. Condliffe
$3.00

Jesus
A New Biography
By Shirley Jackson Case
$3.00

Chinese Painting
By John C. Ferguson
$12.50

The University of Chicago Press

The House of Life
By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
Edited with Introduction and Notes by Paull F. Baum

In view of the Rossetti centenary this month, there is a special interest in this new and completely annotated edition of Rossetti's masterpiece. Professor Baum's notes remove, as far as possible, the difficulties of interpretation most readers have found in the individual sonnets and at the same time indicate their relation both to one another and to their author's life. It is a stimulating and delightful piece of literary criticism. $3.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Critical Analysis of our

OUTSTANDING AUTHORS

Willa Cather **Robert Frost**
Sherwood Anderson
Henry Adams **Sinclair Lewis**
Carl Sandburg **Vachel Lindsay**
Eugene O'Neill **Theodore Dreiser**
Edwin Arlington Robinson

All considered in relation to the poetic temper and the practical temper in American life. The work of each is appraised as a whole and in detail, in excellent individual studies. Bibliographies given for each writer.

SPOKESMEN

Modern Writers and American Life

By T. K. WHIPPLE
This Is an Appleton Book
$2.50

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32 Street New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Buyer's Move—The Book Seller's Opportunity

More exciting than fiction —and moving faster!

The STORY of PHILOSOPHY

Entering the Third Hundred Thousand

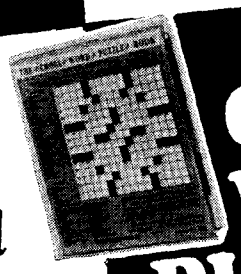
TRADER HORN (Volume One)

Read by 750,000 "Convivials"

209,032 Copies of Volume One Sold to Date

The Second Chequered Million!

Series 10, Published on June 27th



CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK

First Printing 75,000 Copies

Volume Two will be Published June 8th

TRADER HORN (Volume Two)

BAMBI *by* FELIX SALTEN *The Story of a Deer*

Foreword by Galsworthy

First Printing 75,000 Copies

To be Published July or August

What'll We Do Now? *(The Party Book)*

1921 Coue
1922 Mah Jong
1923 Bananas
1924 Cross Words
1925 An Off Year
1926 Channel Swimming
1927 Ask Me Another
1928 "WHAT'LL WE DO NOW!"

(Published May 25)

HEARST

The Biography Smash of the Year!

(Published May 25th)

HEARST AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers 37 West 57th Street *New York*

In two years the book-sellers of America have bought from Simon and Schuster and sold to their customers 200,000 copies of *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT—more than $1,000,000 worth of business on a single item

In the last eleven months the book-sellers of America have bought from Simon and Schuster and sold to their customers 143,464 copies of *Trader Horn*—more than $573,856 worth of business on a single item

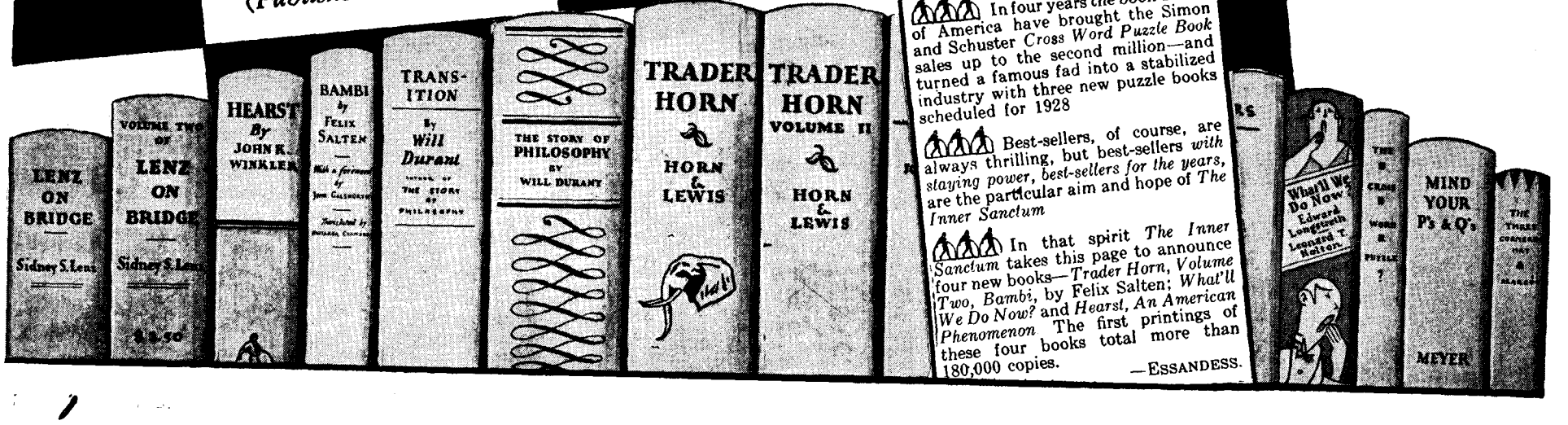
In four years the book-sellers of America have brought the Simon and Schuster *Cross Word Puzzle Book* sales up to the second million—and turned a famous fad into a stabilized industry with three new puzzle books scheduled for 1928

Best-sellers, of course, are always thrilling, but best-sellers *with staying power, best-sellers for the years,* are the particular aim and hope of *The Inner Sanctum*

In that spirit *The Inner Sanctum* takes this page to announce four new books—*Trader Horn, Volume Two, Bambi,* by Felix Salten; *What'll We Do Now?* and *Hearst, An American Phenomenon* The first printings of these four books total more than 180,000 copies.

—ESSANDESS.

At All Book Stores


LENZ ON BRIDGE
Sidney S. Lenz
LENZ ON BRIDGE
Sidney S. Lenz
$2.50
HEARST By JOHN K. WINKLER
BAMBI by FELIX SALTEN
TRANS-ITION By Will Durant
THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY BY WILL DURANT
TRADER HORN HORN & LEWIS
TRADER HORN VOLUME II HORN & LEWIS
What'll We Do Now? Edward Longstreth Leonard T. Hotten
MIND YOUR P's & Q's
MEYER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Is Nathan

He was the smartest of the five Rothschild boys. Old Meyer Amschel Rothschild let him go to London to seek his fortune. In a short while he almost had a first mortgage on the Thames.

The other sons did well, too. James went to Paris, Solomon went to Vienna, Carl went to Naples and Amschel stayed home in Frankfort.

Now the European governments found it very expensive to get money from place to place, and risky, too. But these Rothschilds had a way of mailing a piece of paper, a credit memorandum, that produced funds almost by magic, wherever desired, from local bankers and merchants.

For a very small percentage the Rothschilds would do this for anyone. They had no prejudices. Their word was good and the governments found their services an economy. They were so trusted that governments even used their postal system in preference to relying on their own couriers.

Hoodwinked Napoleon

By now most newspaper readers know how, when England's Wellington was fighting the French on the Spanish peninsular, Nathan, working for the British government in London, sent funds to Wellington by way of James, in Paris, right under Napoleon's nose.

These brothers had their nerve with them. During the generation when the French were overrunning Europe they had a hard time pretending to be working for both sides. It was an open secret that the Rothschilds were hoodwinking Napoleon. One secret service report involved them in an alleged conspiracy of the forty-one illegitimate sons of a German prince to start a general uprising in the German states. But later they floated a loan for France.

The Ghetto, Frankfort
Headquarters of the Rothschilds

They floated loans for other countries, too. And pending sales of bonds they often took the money out of their own pockets,—getting good security, of course.

All these transactions were for small percentages, but they were of such magnitude and followed in such rapid succession that the Rothschild fortune became an incredible thing. Lending pocket-money to kings was just a side issue and a way of keeping in line for the plums.

These are simply snatches from "The Rise of the House of Rothschild." It took the indomitable Egon Caesar, Count Corti, three long years to dig out the facts. He boiled them down into some four hundred pages of inside stuff.

Emil Ludwig says

in the New York Herald Tribune: This history of the House of Rothschild constitutes a magnificent expression of the basic foundation, the factors of power and the mistakes of construction of the old Europe. The reader will find in this book a condensed history of Europe, chockful of instructive and amusing details, hidden away in the story of a banking house.

The New York Times says:

An uncommonly fascinating history of a financial dynasty which played a more important part in shaping the destiny of the world than many of the ruling houses.

From England:

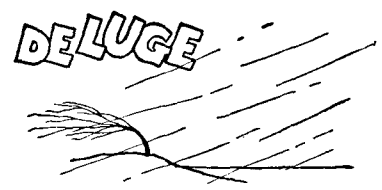
The highbrow *Spectator* says "extraordinary." The Popular *Daily Express* says "marvelous." "Admirable," exclaims the *Daily News*. And the *Manchester Guardian* says "fascinating."

The Rise of The House of

ROTHSCHILD

by Count Egon Caesar Corti

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation—$5.00



by S. Fowler Wright

When Martin picked up the telephone receiver to stop the persistent ringing, he heard police headquarters reciting to all subscribers a message that the storm was world-wide, that Spain and southern France were inundated. . . .

Weeks later when he began life anew in an isolated community of chance-chosen countrymen, there were four men for every woman. . . .

The untempered drama of S. Fowler Wright's creation—as Martin, a prudent man, finds himself obligated to both the domestic Helen and the heroic Claire—gathers furious momentum as it carries the breathless reader through climax upon clashing climax.

Literary editors are chorusing the new thrills of Wright's comet-like first novel. They say:

"S. Fowler Wright deserves the plaudits that are being showered upon him by critics. . . . He has an inimitable power of creation and controls not only his story but his reader, carrying conviction on every page."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

"Surpasses Jules Verne's best works."—*Newark Evening News.*

"DELUGE is exciting and mentally invigorating."—*New York Sun.*

". . . . an antidote for ennui."—*New York Times.*

"The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation advertises a first edition of 100,000 copies for DELUGE. All we can say is it deserves five times that many readers."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

"Once you start DELUGE you will not put it down until the end."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation..$2.50

Wall Street

bankers and brokers seem to have found time during "four million share days" to send out for "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" judging from reorders from the financial district.

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

if sinclair lewis may wear a monocle—

so may an Englishman create a "Babbitt." Douglas Jerrold has done so in "Quex," a satirical study of the growth of a plutocrat. Robert Nichols, Philip Guedalla and Gerald Gould are among many who enthuse over "Quex."

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
$2.00

Dictionary Editors:

Please note that a new word may be creeping in upon us—"quexotic." It is inspired by "Quex," the English Babbitt, chain store builder extraordinary and dispenser of white man's blessings in foreign lands. "Quex" is a rip-roaring satire. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00

George Creel's

SAM HOUSTON:

Colossus in Buckskin

The story of the heroic frontiersman who led the revolt of the Mexican State of Texas against Mexico, established it as a separate republic, and then contrived to have it admitted to the Union. Beautifully told by George Creel.

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
$3.00

Books of Special Interest

The Symbol of a Movement

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, THE CLOWN, THE HARLEQUIN, THE PIERROT OF HIS AGE. By HALDANE MCFALL. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by DONALD A. ROBERTS
College of the City of New York

TEMPERAMENTALLY similar to the disillusioned 'nineties, the present age was certain to produce a new study of Aubrey Beardsley. So typical of his era that Max Beerbohm, himself a characteristic *fin de siècle* figure, has said: "I am of the Beardsley Period," the wraith-like person and the tortured spirit which were Beardsley demanded a fresh synthesis in more or less popular form. Obviously Mr. McFall has attempted to satisfy this demand, which can no longer be conveniently met by the inaccessible volume of Ross or the slender essay of Symons.

In a period so abundantly supplied with well written biography, however, this volume will, in all probability, command neither the attention of the general reader nor the entire respect of the few especially interested in Beardsley.

For the first it lacks the appeal, quite legitimate in the present instance, of a personality seen in the perspective of its background. The play is here, but the scenery has been curtailed to the very limit. The book lacks the third dimension necessary to reveal Beardsley as a phenomenon of his era. The eighteen nineties possessed an atmosphere as vivid and as clear as that of any period in literary and artistic history, but little of this time spirit comes to life in Mr. McFall's study. The period produced a galaxy of brilliant personalities all of whom were, in some more or less intimate way, connected with Beardsley or his work. Yet few of these appear vividly in the background of this study. Perhaps Mr. McFall thought that, by omitting period atmosphere and by concentrating on the brief story of Beardsley, he could achieve the tragic simplicity of Attic drama. The material suggests such a treatment, but the author has defeated any purpose of the sort by a prolixity, especially apparent in often repeated identifications of the marks and signatures affixed to the drawings.

* *

For those particularly interested in or familiar with the life and art of Beardsley the volume offers nothing of fact or interpretation that is essentially new. Indeed, many will take exception to statements that, by their implications at least, depart from commonly accepted truths. Alice Meynell did not contribute to *The Yellow Book*, as Mr. McFall implies. If she joined Sir William Watson in the protest against Beardsley, she did so as a Bodley Head author, but not as a writer for Lane's periodical. If Beardsley actually proposed the establishment of *The Yellow Book*, as Mr. McFall suggests, the fact has not been generally known. Furthermore, others, especially qualified to know the details of the matter tell another story.

The æsthetic criticism contained in the volume merits respectful attention. Although Mr. McFall's judgment remains the generally accepted one, he presents his opinions on the basis of a study of the drawings illumined by personal acquaintance with the artist. He wisely rejects the theory that Beardsley was a satirist, and frankly faces the difficulties his drawings inevitably present. In fact the æsthetic judgments are, in general, so sound that one the more regrets certain glaring lapses. Mr. McFall slips into the critical fallacy of using "mediaevalism" as a term of reproach; he becomes almost venomous each time he mentions Morris and the Kelmscott Press; and he insists that the Lysistrata drawings are Beardsley's masterpieces. The first two tendencies indicate personal judgments, but the third raises far reaching questions of æsthetic principle.

Though the soul of Oscar Wilde writhe in agony at the very suggestion of such a proposition it ought once again to be stated that mere technical perfection has never yet assured any work the title of masterpiece. The categorical affirmation that, simply because the Lysistrata drawings show supreme craftmanship, they have taken their places as undisputed master works, denies the validity of man's entire experience and judgment of art. Wordsworth has pointed out that the poet's poet is merely a word juggler unaware of the emotional and spiritual depths of his calling. He might also have condemned the artist who fails to achieve the necessary synthesis of noble form and significant content. Such a one remains but half an artist. Obscenity and frank physical indecency may, and indeed often do, meet natural, human responses. But a sophisticate living amid the varied manifestations of human depravity and nobility, who sinks to the unclean portrayal of the savage's primitive phallicism cannot well be said, in such works, to have achieved immortality. Works of art not to be seen by the eyes of men are music unwritten and poetry unsung. All conceivable facility of technique cannot compensate for the artist's failure to reach that depth and universality of intellectual and emotional response which are the substance of all great art.

The publishers have made of Mr. McFall's study a handsome volume. The contrast of the strong black type with the hard dead-white paper gives a good suggestion of the theme, although the hardness of the white stock hurts the eye. The illustrations, adequate in number and generally well reproduced, add much to the value and beauty of the volume.

Social Evolution

CULTURAL EVOLUTION: A STUDY OF SOCIAL ORIGINS AND DEVELOPMENT. By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD. New York: The Century Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE R. DAVIE
Yale University

THE author of this book has virtually written his own review in his Introductory Note: "Those who have no patience with hypothesis in scientific work are warned against reading this book. It is merely an outline of the author's theory of human social evolution." This valuation is correct. And no less truthful is the following: "Probably the more cautious anthropologists and sociologists will say that many of its generalizations are premature." But the volume is presented to the public, "in the belief that even faulty generalizations are better for the development of the social sciences than no generalizations." The statement continues:

> It should not be inferred, however, that the generalizations offered have not been reached by a long and laborious process of induction. For more than twenty years the author has given at the University of Missouri a course in "Cultural Anthropology." About ten years ago the material in his lectures began to take the form presented in the generalizations of this book. If all the supporting evidence of anthropological and historical facts which have been gathered by him were published with these generalizations, the work would make several volumes; and those who know the limited time available for writing and research to a teacher in a state university, with large undergraduate classes, know how impossible such an undertaking is in such circumstances.

Better, perhaps, to aim at a lion's brood.

The author does not do full justice to the aforementioned scholarly labor. Few sources are cited and those are mostly secondary. The impression is often that of deducing what "must have been" the case, not determining what was. There occurs frequent use of expressions like the following: "We have every reason to believe that . . . It seems probable . . . It is quite logical to assume . . . It is probable again . . . Apparently . . ."

After a consideration of the place of culture in social evolution, the book treats of the causes and methods of cultural evolution. This latter is presented as a psychological process, a learning process, with language as the main vehicle. There follows a discussion of the development of numerous items of culture, as industry, property, science, government, art, and religion.

Professor Ellwood believes that automatic selection has played only a minor part in the development of culture. He attributes to the savage a rationality which travelers and ethnographers have failed to observe. Indeed, primitive man is pictured (in the later chapters, where the discussion of the primitive mind in Chapter V appears to have been forgotten) as pretty much of a scientist. For example:

> Crises in food supply led to careful observation of all possible sources of food supply, to experiment, and finally to various attempts to control food supply.

The course of cultural evolution has been "from adjustment on an animal plane to adjustment upon a rational human plane." Its trend is "upward"—that is, it is moving toward the development of the distinctly human and spiritual; eventually culture will be "socialized, rationalized, and beautified."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRILLIANT *and* TRIUMPHANT

The humorous book of this presidential year. "A bit of gay, delightful nonsense, bubbling with humor, highly and entertainingly satirical." —*New York Times.*

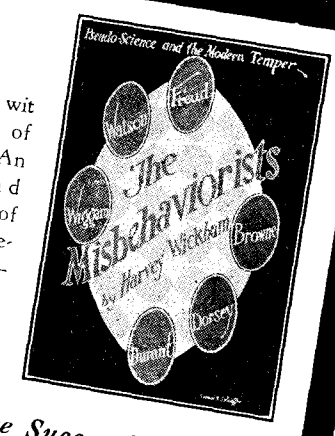
ALICE in the DELIGHTED STATES

By
EDWARD HOPE
Illustrated by
REA IRVIN
$2.50

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"Exquisite comedy of the mirths and acids of social observation . . . the subtle pourri of real sophistication. It is social comedy of the most intricate merit, malicious and tender. Its people are dreadfully alive. It conveys genuine tragedy and pity, and even a sense of the sinister. Elizabeth Bowen can impart tragedy in a flash. Her crisp dialogue makes one hanker for a stage to hear it on. It is a brilliant and triumphant book."

The sword of wit in the hands of common sense. "An adequate and needed treatment of many theories recently advanced."—*S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.*



A Sure Success!

The MISBEHAVIORISTS

By
HARVEY WICKHAM
Illustrated
$3.50

Selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club

The Hotel

$2.50

By Elizabeth Bowen

In the FIRST RANK

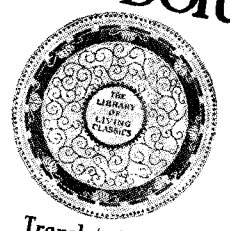
HENRY LONGAN STUART in *The New York Times.*

"A novel that puts her in the first rank of the brilliant women writers whose lucidity and power to improvise fresh themes while adhering to classic mediums of speech seem to be the best defense fictional literature possesses just now against the clumsy hands that impatience and empiricism would lay upon it."

WIT and INTELLIGENCE

ROSE MACAULAY in the *London Daily News.*

"It is hard to describe the quality of "The Hotel" without seeming over-enthusiastic. . . . All this matter Miss Bowen handles with easy strength. The manner is even better than the matter. Sensitive, distinguished, flexible prose . . . such wit, such intelligence, such altruistic verisimilitudes, such delightful fragments of dialogue, such engaging people."



Complete in one volume, the world-famous story and travel-book of the "Father of History." The first volume in Manuel Komroff's new series, "The Library of Living Classics."

Translated by GEORGE RAWLINSON

The HISTORY of HERODOTUS

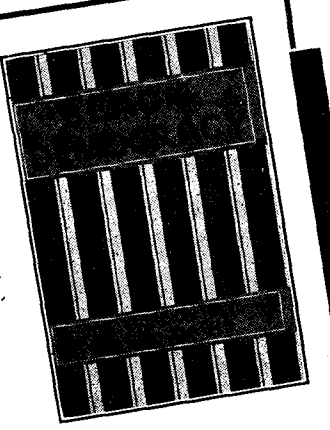
Translated by
GEORGE RAWLINSON
$5.00

HIGH COMEDY

BRUCE GOULD in the *New York Evening Post.*

"Her novel takes immediate hold upon you from the first page. One is greatly tempted to call this high comedy, if one only knew what high comedy was. You will undoubtedly be hearing a great deal from time to time of Miss Bowen. The Book-of-the-Month Club is quite certain that Miss Bowen will achieve literary fame with this first novel. It would seem to be true."

Romantic, important, convincing. The amazing story of Haiti, past and present, by a recognized authority.



BLACK DEMOCRACY

By
H. P. DAVIS of Port-au-Prince
Illustrated with maps and half-tones
$5.00

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS ⁘ NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, TORONTO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 32. Three prizes of five dollars each are offered for the best epigrams on one or all of the following subjects. (1) Tunney's lecture on Shakespeare at Yale. (2) The forthcoming Presidential Election. (3) The death of Thomas Hardy. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of June 4.)

Competition No. 33. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "Ballade of Dead Poets." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 11).

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-NINTH COMPETITION

Mr. Mencken's April *Americana* reported that Mr. Billy Sunday has announced an intention to have himself skinned after death, the skin to furnish a drum for use in street Revival Parades throughout the United States. A prize of fifteen dollars, offered for the poem most nearly resembling what Mr. Vachel Lindsay might write on hearing such a drum beaten in Springfield, Illinois, has been awarded to C. R. S.

THE WINNING PARODY

THE SUNDAY DRUM

Cornets and Rodeheavers softly	*SINNERS in the tabernacle, sinners in the temple;* *Brighten the corner where you are!* *Billy had sagacity, Billy wasn't Semple;* *Brighten the corner where you are!* *Billy said, "When I'm dead, and can't fight sin,* *I'll still save sinners if you'll save my skin;* *Promise me to use it for a big bass drum,*
Bass drum slowly	*So I can keep a-calling, 'Come, sinner, come!'* *Drunks from the Country Club, hard-boiled and saft;* *Bull-necked heelers, mouldy with graft,* *Night-club hostesses, bridge-fiends pale,*
Saxophones sneering meanly	*Bandit, hit-run, gold-digging frail,* *Sneering old infidels, I groaned to save—* *I want to keep a-calling when I'm in my grave!"* *Brighten the corner where you are!*
	Fine old saints called it eccentricity; *Brighten the corner where you are!* *But bless my soul, it was grand publicity!* *Brighten the corner where you are!*
Bass drum loud	*Billy's soul a-calling from the big, bass drum;* *Marching down Main Street, see the sinners come!* *Marching through the villages, all through the land,* *Shouting salvation with the Sunday band!* *Rising and swelling like the tide of Fundy,* *Boom! Boom! Boom! Hear the hide of Sunday!*
Rodeheavers drum and tambourines	*Big voiced Rodeheavers shout and sing;* *Tambourine and drum go Boom-jing-jing!* *Bad boys mocking as the voices ring:* *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* *Put a nickel on the drum, put a nickel on the drum;* *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*
All the instruments and voices in full blast.	*Put a nickel on the drum and you'll be saved!* *Bootleggers, hypocrites, bums from the jail,* *Swing along, sinners, to the sawdust trail;* *Listen to the drum-beat, echoing afar—* *Brighten the corner where you are!*

At the time I set this contest I entertained certain ideas as to the probable course of Mr. Lindsay's thoughts and feelings in this not very probable situation. But his recent words concerning the autobiography of Isadora Duncan have persuaded me of my own incompetence to anticipate his reactions in any given set of circumstances. Natheless, there were a number of parodies that I just couldn't swallow, notably those in which the poet was displayed swallowing Mr. Sunday without so much as a grain of salt. I was looking for the author of "General Booth" in that occasional mood of his which offers an ounce or less of reverence with a ton of enthusiasm. Thus the competitors who imitated the mood and music of "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" had to be passed over, together with the even larger number who permitted the poet's "Gospel of Beauty" to creep too far in. Of the latter E. H. Leusing wrote a good parody and C. F. Marks closed effectively with—

Once another spirit walked this street,
Hearing the drummer's tocsin beat.
Old Abe Lincoln stalked softly by
And the night wind caught a breathless sigh.
Midst the quiet ways his steps he stayed
And there 'neath the silent stars he prayed.

The majority of parodists would have done better to remember the tune of "Brighten the corner where you are." But a respectable number brought in the drum with a bang and did not forget the trombones and the cymbals. Whether or not Mr. Lindsay approves of Billy Sunday, he could be relied on not to miss such an opportunity to make the kind of noise for which (though in different kinds) they are both so famous. F. A. Henry opened promisingly.

Bum! Bum! Big bass drum;
Slum, scum! Come, come, come!
Hum, oh, hum! thrum, grum, glum;
Billy Sunday's dead and gone—mum,
numb, dumb.

And J. L. Finger ended an indifferent parody with some good lines.

Seven hefty drummers in a great big room
Banging Billy's hide hard with a Boom! Boom! BOOM!
Sinners tried to pound him when he fought the Devil down;
Now it's Saints that do it in Revival here in town.
Sounding it. Pounding it. Bully Drummer boys!
Billy's saving sinners here in Springfield, Illinois.

But these, and the parodies by E. S. Riley, Phoebe Scribble, and Homer M. Parsons, were a little too thin in substance in spite of their suggestive onomatopœia. J. A. S. B., on the other hand, treated the situation admirably, beginning with one of Mr. Lindsay's visions of the New Jerusalem and working through a catalogue of the street paraders, led by Isadora Duncan. Then

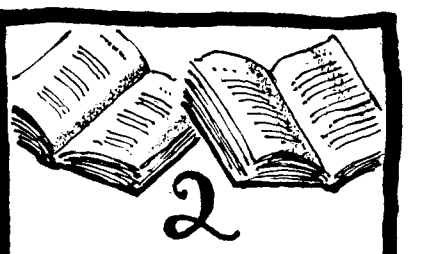
Came Oliver Goldsmith, playing on his silver flute
Wild and eerie Irish ditties, fit to charm a savage brute.
Red Tim Healy, red of hair and red of nose,
Picks up a Jew's-harp (by mistake) and away he blows.
Troops of lesser saints came marching, each with violoncello,
Making music that was liquid, that was fluid, that was mellow.

Guineas, wops, and bohunks, Polacks smitten on the ice,
Lousy Russians from the Ukraine, and some ladies not so nice
In their hellish gay attire pushed a steam-calliope,
Natural daughter of the Muses, by the God Charivari.

Nobody else caught Mr. Lindsay's super-romantic inconsequence quite so well as this competitor. But his versification, on the whole, was much too careless and ragged. Reluctantly I had to set his parody aside. Hans Maulschnapper offered what was, by all odds, the best parody of the week. Unfortunately, however, it did not sufficiently take into account the particular occasion. This will be printed in a later issue. Carl T. Blaha (with his refrain, "Heaven's at the home-plate, SLIDE"), Marshall M. Brice, and particularly Edna Frances Hartman all seriously challenged the prize winner.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.



2

delightful books

BY

EDWARD DAVISON

SOME MODERN POETS

This well-known poet, who has been enthusiastically received in every part of the country, here presents a brilliant exposition of convention and tradition in poetry, with essays on Masefield, Lindsay, Walter de la Mare and others. $2.00.

HARVEST OF YOUTH

Lyric verse, possessing singularly beautiful and melodious qualities, usually absent from contemporary poetry. $2.00.

Harper & Brothers

Old Enchantment

By LARRY BARRETTO

"By far his best novel . . . . ably constructed, dramatic, civilized . . . . 'Old Enchantment' deserves a huge following."
—*John Farrar in The Bookman.*

"You will like this story. It is plausibly told and charms with its simple beauty of style."
—*Delbert Clark in The Baltimore Sun.*

"Mr. Barretto's novel has genuine force, fire and feeling. He knows and knows thoroughly, New York society as it was when the term possessed a definite, decent, and dignified significance—he writes from the inside."
—*The Hartford Courant.* $2.00

3rd Large Printing

THE GREAT AMERICAN BANDWAGON

By CHARLES MERZ

Climb Aboard With 55,000 Readers

$3.00

Norman Douglas

IN THE BEGINNING

"Rich in sardonic humor; a gigantic travesty on mankind. There is sagacity and a moral for those who find it, humor and much gaiety. It is a sort of vast musical comedy of creation; with only the music lacking."
—*New York Times.* $2.50

First Edition Exhausted.

PRELUDE TO BATTLE

By MANFRED GOTTFRIED

"A thundering good book . . . I recommend this colorful and exciting book not only to jaded readers who crave something fresh and stimulating, to lovers of pure adventure and to those who like comedy-drama but also to the epicure of literature to whom style and technique and characterization and atmosphere are of primary importance.

"There are women in this story who merit more than passing attention; the intrigues of the harem are at least as subtle as those of Hollywood. 'Prelude To Battle' has satisfied my craving for a real book as has no novel since Maugham's 'Of Human Bondage'—and I can't think of any two books less alike."
—*Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

$2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
INC.
Publishers New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIC TEA

By

Rebecca Lowrie

The bitter-sweet essence of early childhood rises from the pages of this unique and lovely book. Mrs. Lowrie has distilled the thoughts, the joys and sorrows of a child with a poignancy that suggests Kenneth Grahame—and even more—Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm."

$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers *New York*

"A Book to Read, to Feel to Ponder"

"A RARE book; the kind that is done once in a score of years, even if so often; delicate as a moth's wing, silken as the pussy willow; happy as only a child can be happy, yet stabbing once or twice, as a child's wail stabs, to the heart; an amazing book, something not feeling the touch of earthly years; a book to read, to feel and to ponder. . . . Mrs. Lowrie's little people—there are but three—are we ourselves, thinking our thoughts, playing the games we played; and we are cozy and snug, as if we had never left, finding ourselves in them. Did anyone of us ever have a cemetery for grasshoppers and toads and birds? Very likely not; the life of one child is not the life of another. But with such a degree of artless naturalness does Mrs. Lowrie write, the cemetery of the children in 'Cambric Tea' is something we founded, or played at, as one will."

—*New York Times*

"One book parents can read to their children without watching the clock. I wish I had written it."

—*Emanie Sachs*

"No Other Picture of a Child's Life Seems so Real"

"HERE, for once, is the true breath of reality . . . the simple things of every child's life—Christmas, and Thanksgiving at the farm, and that delightful, forbidden game called spanking the pigs—so simply told that it takes us back to our own childhoods when everything was real."

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Its simplicity charmed me, its delicacy delighted me and its veracity convinced me. Truly I know of no other picture of a child's life that seems to me so real."

—*Christopher Ward*

"The author is one of those rare people who remember what they thought about when they were children. Her book is better than most on child psychology."

—*New Yorker*

"Clear, really distinguished writing uncluttered with details . . . a beautifully planned and skillfully executed book."

—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"Nothing since certain pages of Anatole France has been so suggestive a picture of childhood."—*Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar*

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS OF HARPER'S PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST—$10,000 GUARANTEED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A wonderful book.
There is nothing quite like it."

THE MARSH ARAB

HAJI RIKKAN

By
FULANAIN

A native Arab tells the amazing story of his adventurous career.

"An interesting and authentic picture."—*W. B. Seabrook in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

"It is a delight. It opens a new world to me."—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

"This story attains, with success that amounts almost to inspiration, the atmosphere that is the essence of Oriental story telling. There is brevity and beauty of expression, and fine appreciation of pause and climax in stark simplicity."—*Hugh Harley in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

$3.00

OPALS AND GOLD

By
ROBERT M. MACDONALD
F. R. S. G. S.

The wanderlust and the golden dream of undiscovered wealth lured the author into stray corners of the South Seas.

"True as a photograph—not fiction but solid, staring fact."—*New York World.*

"Filled with exciting experiences and many strange and fascinating characters who come from all parts of the world."—*Travel Magazine.*

8 Illustrations. $4.00

ERIC BRETT YOUNG

has written the outstanding detective novelof the season

THE MURDER AT FLEET

"Among the best detective stories of the winter."—*Yale Alumni Weekly.*

"Mr. Young has a gift for comedy—a character like Constable McArdle would go far toward making any story worth reading."
—*New York Times.*

$2.00

Coming June 1st

THE RIVER

By
TRISTRAM TUPPER

With this vigorous novel, Mr. Tupper steps courageously from conventional ranks and blazes a new trail in fiction.

$2.50

LIPPINCOTT-PHILADELPHIA

A Letter From France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

THE tide of biographies is still rising and brings ashore some flowers among the weeds. Henry de Jouvenel's "Mirabeau" (Plon) reaches the high-water limit. The author has been Editor of the *Matin*, and Governor-General of Syria. He has created the *Revue des Vivants*, is one of our youngest senators and will not, I hope, cease to be a biographer of other great men's lives until his own reaches still higher goals. Mirabeau's stormy Life was an ideal subject for a man of M. de Jouvenel's attainments. No romancing was needed to make it almost incredibly pathetic and adventurous. Every sentence in the book rings true, every word tells.

The last number (January-March) of *La Revue de Littérature Comparée* (Champion) is devoted to the United States. B. Fay discloses an unsuspected and minute literary collaboration between Franklin and Mirabeau against the Cincinnati. Among other articles, note: P. Hazard, on Chateaubriand, L. Roustan on Lenau, and F. Baldensperger on Clemenceau, in America.

The mere title of J. Lucas-Debreton's biography of Alexandre Dumas, père (N. R. F.) recommends it to millions, and they will not be disappointed. Baron Louis's quaint and efficient wisdom in financial matters is a true ancestor of M. Poincaré's spirit. ("Baron Louis," J. G. Gignoux, N. R. F.). The last pages of Philippe Soupault's Introduction to his illustrated volume on "William Blake as an Artist" would suffice to make it noticeable (Rieder). He is also a fiercely sincere autobiographer in "Histoire d'Un Blanc" (Sans-Pareil). America has not the monopoly of tormented and tormenting uneasiness in adolescent destinies. Soupault's cruel narrative of his first twenty years (he is thirty!) displays a sound hatred of that bourgeois conformism under which he grew up.

Joseph de Maistre's life is being told for the first time in its fulness by F. Vermale (Dardel, Chambéry), and the same firm has recently published "Lamartine en Savoie," by George Roth. Both should interest the Americans who visit the higher Alps every summer. "La Reine des Lanturelus" by Constantin Photiadès (Plon) is not a Montparnasse tale, but the faithful and well written life of the Marquise de La Ferté-Imbault, Mme. Geoffrin's daughter, who truly personified the end of the eighteenth century. M. Photiadès has unearthed and utilized a treasure of unpublished documents.

Jacques Dyssord has just published a volume of Poems: "On Frappe à la Porte" (Grasset), which deserves the attention of those interested in the development of French poetry. He is not a beginner, and his fame is growing fast. A true elfish fantasy (a rare ingredient in Latin literatures) hovers about his verse. The words of every day he finds sufficient to express the dreams of every night. Mystery without esotericism: what a relief. . . .

In Chadourne's "Vasco" (Grasset), and Luc Durtain's "Hollywood Dépassé" (N. R. F.) that sort of cultivated and mysterious mental desperado who plays the romantic hero in so many French novels of the nineteen-twenties, stands clearly recognizable. Sandroz, bootlegger and philosopher, and his more primitive Italian associate, are waging their cold-blooded war against society in Los Angeles. But what a society! I hold no brief for Sandroz. His impressions of Hollywood are probably peppered like sardines for Hottentots. But there is such a fierce integrity of mind behind his outlawry that he may outlive the actual Hollywood, by as much as he outdoes its rascalities and outrages its respectabilities. Luc Durtain writes the sort of high-tension prose that suits his subjects and characters.

I shall deal more fully with Louis Dumur's work when "Dieu Protège le Tsar" (Cahiers de la Quinzaine) is republished in a wholesale edition. But remember that title. Under the thin thread of an invented narrative it contains fragments of high historical value on Rasputin's influence and the battle of Tannenberg. In "Les Chevaliers Mendiants" (Plon), J. Oudard and Dmitri Novik relate episodes of Denikind's and Wrangel's expeditions that read like epic fragments and are sober documents.

Among last month novels, George Duhamel's "Nuit d'Orage" (Mercure de France) and André Thérive's "Sans Ame" (Grasset) stand in the first rank. I cannot entirely dissociate the striking literary value of Jean Prévost's "Merlin," Raucat's "Loin des Blondes," and Deberly's "Un Homme et un Autre" (all at the N. R. F.) from those "exhibitionist" tendencies in recent literature against which a revulsion of feeling has already begun. Though they also deal in disintegrated personalities Duhamel and Thérive are to be placed on a higher level in cultivated estimation. A young married couple of scientific workers are shaken, in spite of themselves, into a sort of regressive fetishism and, to their mutual horror, they are left morally denuded on the ruins of their former selves. The wreck of scientific determinism and coherent individuality, such is Duhamel's theme in the crisis which he relates with a poignant reserve. André Thérive's hero cannot "find himself" in the mazes of his mentality, and is put to shame by the silent sacrifice of a poor girl's life to the integrity of her own inner being. Their background is especially important and significant. "Sans Ame" describes the life and aspects of southern Paris and discloses strange survivals of popular mysticism.

"Le Perce-Oreille du Luxembourg" by André Baillon (Rieder) is another instance of mislaid identity and may arouse the attentive interest of amateur alienists. In "Gilberte et l'Autorité" (Sans Pareil) René Bonnefoy explains the construction of his story as it proceeds: a daring attempt but not unsuccessful. Fosca's novels are alive, full of ideas and impressions on painting. He has recently published "L'Amour Forcé" (Sans Pareil). "La Lettre Recommandée," by Eyvind Johnson, translated from the Swedish, has been favourably received and deserved a welcome (Sans Pareil).

Jacques Rivière was the leading spirit of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and his brother-in-law Alain-Fournier is the author of a novel, "Le Grand Meaulnes," which may very well remain one of the landmarks of French literature. Alain-Fournier was killed in the war, and Jacques Rivière, three years a prisoner in Germany, has since died. Their "Correspondance" (N. R. F.) is a most significant document. No future historian of French literature in our time can afford to ignore it.

Alain's "Propos sur le Bonheur" is the contribution of a literary critic and influential teacher of the philosophy of the art of living. I almost prefer Alain moralist to Alain critic, but both deserve to be known outside France. André Maurois was one of Alain's pupils, and his master's wisdom is very agreeably combined with his own humour in "Au Pays des Articoles," an amusing skit on literary morals, manners, and coteries.

René Dumesnil's little book on "La Publication de Madame Bovary" (Malfère, Amiens) should on no account be missed by the admirers and students of Flaubert, so numerous in America. The whole problem of "personality" is thoroughly discussed in Ramon Fernandez's "De la Personalité" (Sans Pareil). No other question is so intimately connected with contemporary thought. At times one is led to doubt whether it may not be the only problem worth considering as regards literary criticism. There is no dearth of guides through that fertile and arduous subject. Fernandez is one of the best among the youngest.

The German impresario, Gustave Rikeld, has announced his intention of presenting a Moliere play in Esperanto, at the Congress of those interested in that language to be held this year.

In his "Cola" (Vecchioni) Mario Puccini does in Italian much what Barbusse did in French in "Le Feu." He presents the war stripped of all glamour, in its pettinesses and uglinesses, with the tragedy deprived of all majesty. His hero, Cola, is neither a hero nor a coward, neither an enthusiast nor a rebel, but a simple-minded man whose philosophy is compounded of popular axioms. Puccini depicts him as a very human man, passing through dire experience unquestioningly and with no sentimentalizing of himself.

The Best Reviewed Novel of the Spring

"Carries the story to the sunlight heights of distinction. Sincere, human, dramatic, splendidly done."
—*Boston Herald*

"Power, beauty, vital glow."
—*N. Y. Sun*

"Undoubted strength and excellence."
—*Bruce Gould in N. Y. Post*

"Magnificent, enthralling, full of dreadful beauty, terrifying truth, wondrous pity."
—*Lewis Browne*

The WITHERED ROOT BY RHYS DAVIES

$2.50

HARRY HANSEN *says:* *"Don't Miss*

The Last Bohemia

By FRANCIS CARCO

For many, many moons I have not read a book about artist life in Paris that is so moving, so effective a picture of our own time."
—*New York World*

Illustrated

$3.00 at booksellers HENRY HOLT & CO., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

THE GIRL IN WHITE ARMOR. By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. Macmillan. 1927. $2.50.

There are some stories that cannot be told too often. To each generation they bring a new meaning and a new inspiration and each generation has the right to shape them after its own heart. The life of the immortal maid of France is one of these stories that must perpetually challenge the best efforts of the artist. Albert Bigelow Payne has told the story twice, first in a two-volume life published in 1925, and now in this shorter book, which is more suited to the young and casual reader. Adolescent and adult may both read this story with much enjoyment and it is not, strictly speaking, a children's book.

The exposition of the first two or three chapters falters a little because of the author's anxiety to keep well within the authentic record, but from the moment that Joan sets forth on that strange, mad ride to seek a King, her story gathers strength and purpose, and mounts steadily in interest and impressiveness to the final days in Rouen.

Perhaps as affecting as anything in the book is the final chapter called "Footprints of Joan" in which the author takes us at the present time back over the routes followed by Joan and tells us just what may now be seen along that fatal highway.

The tone of the book is reverent and understanding. Sentimentality is kept at a minimum. No attempt is made to romanticize a story that needs no ornamentation to appear as one of the most moving of our legends.

MARCHING ALONG. By *John Philip Sousa.* Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint.

THE EMPIRE BUILDER. By *Oscar M. Sullivan.* Century Co. $2.50.

JAY GOULD: THE STORY OF A FORTUNE. By *Robert Irving Warshow.* Greenberg. $4.

JOHN STEVENS: AN AMERICAN RECORD. By *Archibald Douglas Turnbull.* Century. $5.

MEMOIRS OF A WHITE CROW INDIAN. By *Thomas B. Marquis.* Century. $3.

Fiction

DUST. By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI. Stokes. 1928. $2.

Miss von Tempski, it should be known, is a very young lady. And much must be forgiven very young ladies. Her first novel was about Hula, who "grew like a hibiscus-flower," and this, her second, preserves the same exotic, Hawaiian setting, the same spontaneous, overflowing, romantic young style. Dedicated to "my beloved dad," among others, it tells a romantic tale of a strong, handsome man on the wind-tossed island of Kahoolawe, his love for a girl kept apart by wealth and by family, his fight against opium smugglers and "the relentless forces of nature," native superstition, and "the men who want him to fail."

THE TIRED CAPTAINS. By KENT CURTIS. Appleton. 1928. $2.

It is almost a decade since the World War ended, and we have not yet seen the last of war stories, war diaries, or novels in which war somehow figures. "The Tired Captains" is one more to add to that great number of perishable war books that have gone before. Miles Gloriosus Dwight, a poor Kansas lad, seemed destined never to know happiness. At school or college he did not belong; and, later, he found his position as instructor in a military school so irksome that he entered the war as a means of escape. He became an intimate friend of Tristam Gore, and wrote poetry, which he permitted Gore to claim as his own work, to satisfy Gore's uncle. The poetry became famous; but Gore was killed during the last days of the war, without having revealed the real author of "The Celestial Patrol." Dwight's father, who had suddenly become wealthy by discovering oil on his farm, died shortly before Armistice day. With the money he inherited Dwight bought a beautiful home, surrounded himself with luxuries, and married Gore's sweetheart. But he did not find happiness. "The song ran itself out first," he complained, "the wine and women are losing their kick." And Dwight's problems are ended by having a hurricane come up in the Bahamas, whither he had gone, still searching for happiness. A very thin story, whose characters refuse to come alive.

ECOLA! By JACLAND MARMUR. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This book of three novelettes presents a disappointing phenomenon. The author is described as the master of a ship, hence he cannot be a very young man, and hence he must have lived much alone and have had ample time to brood. Under such circumstances one would expect a man to develop his own individuality to the fullest, yet these stories reveal the most complete imitation of Joseph Conrad that has come to this reviewer's attention. In theme, in mental attitude, in phrase and word, it is almost uncanny, and it is dreadfully hollow. It is a great pity that Captain Marmur should have fallen under the spell of the great wizard, for it is evident that he has qualities of his own; he has imagination and sensibility and an abounding love of a ship. And what a glorious name for a writer of romantic tales! If Conrad had never written, these would be first rate stories; as it is, the illusion fails, for, as one reads, the subconsciousness whispers: Captain Marmur never got this out of life; he got it out of Conrad. There will be many,

(*Continued on next page*)

DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS

by FRANCES NEWMAN
Author of THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

Isa Glenn, *Author of* SOUTHERN CHARM, *writes*. "Modern material in the grand manner. Her work is packed with flashes of full-flavored wit. Miss Newman acknowledges thoughts about which the rest of her sex tells fibs. She has a masculine gift of humor. Her wit is at once sly and robust. She has taken a long step ahead of THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN."

2nd large edition • *At all bookstores* • $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 W. 48th St., N.Y.

SEVEN NEW TITLES

Just Added to the

MODERN LIBRARY

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Merejkowski's novel presented for the first time in a complete and unabridged translation by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. No. 138

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. H. M. Tomlinson's best known book, with a new introduction by Christopher Morley. No. 99

THE THREE MUSKETEERS. by Alexandre Dumas. Absolutely complete in one volume. No. 143

NANA by Emile Zola. Introduction by Ernest Boyd. No. 142

OLD CALABRIA by Norman Douglas. With a new introduction by the author. No. 141

THE IMPERIAL ORGY. Edgar Saltus' amazing story of the Russian Tsars. Introduction by Ben Ray Redman. No. 139

SELECTED PAPERS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. Chosen specially for the Modern Library by the author. No. 137

FOUR of these latest MODERN LIBRARY titles were never before obtainable except in *expensive limited editions*. The other three are such world-famous masterpieces that every literary epicure will be eager to possess them.

All MODERN LIBRARY volumes are printed in good, clear type on fine book paper, and bound in full limp fashion. They are handsome, durable, and the easiest books to handle or carry about that are published today. Go to your local bookseller for the SEVEN NEW TITLES. They cost 95c each. Take time, while there, to browse through the 150 MODERN LIBRARY titles. You will find books that you have always wanted to read and own—in complete unexpurgated editions — for a price you never dreamed you could possess them.

P. S. Should your bookseller be unable to supply you send your remittance of $1.00 for each volume (95c for the book, 5c for postage) direct to us. New illustrated catalogue free.

To YOUR BOOKSELLER, *or*
THE MODERN LIBRARY, Inc., 20 E. 57th St., N. Y.
Please mail me MODERN LIBRARY books Nos._____

☐ I enclose $1.00 for each volume (95c plus 5c postage).
☐ Send books C. O. D.
☐ Please send me, free of charge, your new illustrated catalogue, describing all of the books in the Modern Library.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

1 OSCAR WILDE *Dorian Gray*
3 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI
5 NORMAN DOUGLAS *South Wind*
6 HENRIK IBSEN *A Doll's House, Ghosts, An Enemy of the People*
13 SAMUEL BUTLER *The Way of all Flesh*
16 GEORGE MOORE *Confessions of a Young Man*
21 TURGENEV *Fathers and Sons*
23 SWINBURNE *Poems*
24 W. H. HUDSON *The Purple Land*
28 GUSTAVE FLAUBERT *Madame Bovary*
29 BEN HECHT *Erik Dorn*
30 WILLIAM BEEBE *Jungle Peace*
38 FRANCIS THOMPSON *Complete Poems*
45 LEONID ANDREYEV *The Seven That Were Hanged* and *The Red Laugh*
47 VOLTAIRE *Candide*
50 THEODORE DREISER *Free, and Other Stories*
51 EDWARD CARPENTER *Love's Coming of Age*
53 THEOPHILE GAUTIER *Mademoiselle de Maupin*
57 DE MAUPASSANT *Une Vie*
58 FRANCOIS VILLON *Poems*
60 SPINOZA *The Philosophy of Spinoza*
66 AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS
67 ANATOLE FRANCE *Thais*
68 NIETZSCHE *Ecce Homo* and *The Birth of Tragedy*
74 POEMS AND PROSE OF ERNEST DOWSON
75 W. L. GEORGE *A Bed of Roses*
78 PLAYS BY MOLIERE
82 EDGAR ALLAN POE *Best Tales*
85 ALPHONSE DAUDET *Sapho*
86 WALTER PATER *The Renaissance*
89 W. H. HUDSON *Green Mansions*
90 WALTER PATER *Marius the Epicurean*
91 WILLIAM BLAKE *Poems*
103 SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY
104 SHERWOOD ANDERSON *Winesburg, Ohio*
109 D. H. LAWRENCE *Sons and Lovers*
110 ANATOLE FRANCE *The Queen Pédauque*
111 EUGENE O'NEILL *Seven Plays of the Sea*
114 WILLIAM JAMES *The Philosophy of William James*
115 SHERWOOD ANDERSON *Poor White*
116 MAX BEERBOHM *Zuleika Dobson*
122 DANIEL DEFOE *Moll Flanders*
123 LUDWIG LEWISOHN *Up Stream*
124 JAMES JOYCE *Dubliners*
125 GEORGE GISSING *New Grub Street*
126 JAMES BRANCH CABELL *The Cream of the Jest*
127 MODERN AMERICAN POETRY
128 D. H. LAWRENCE *The Rainbow*
130 LAFCADIO HEARN *Some Chinese Ghosts*
132 OLIVE SCHREINER *The Story of an African Farm*
133 AMBROSE BIERCE *In the Midst of Life*
134 GEORGE MEREDITH *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*
135 THOMAS HARDY *Jude the Obscure*
136 SAMUEL BUTLER *Erewhon*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The best detective story so far this year."
—*The Forum.*

The Greene Murder Case
A Philo Vance Novel
by S. S. Van Dine
$2.00 Scribners

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

though, who will not be grieved by the echo, but will be grateful for tales of the sea by one who knows. They can be safely recommended. Captain Marmur knows and loves his ship; loves and dreads his sea; and what is more, he gets all this across. On shore, as he frankly confesses, he is a little less happy. Only one reservation must be made. He indulges in endless comment (like Conrad, but with a difference!) and one sometimes longs that he would get on with his story a little faster.

QUICKSAND. By NELLA LARSEN. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Put together to a large extent from autobiographical materials, Miss Larsen's story of the life and struggles of a mulatto woman, the daughter of a negro man and a Scandinavian woman, is no more than mildly interesting. It has a distinctly cosmopolitan touch, as its principal character moves from Tuskeegee, called Naxos in the book, to the upper circles of Copenhagen society, from Copenhagen to New York, and from New York back to a little Alabama town as the wife of a typical negro minister of the revivalistic type.

Miss Larsen is herself the daughter of a negro by a Danish woman, and most of the important incidents of the book follow her own life closely. She herself is married to a Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Michigan, however, and it is in her one direct departure from her own life story as the framework of her book that she becomes wholly unconvincing. She would have us believe that her young and attractive mulatto woman, after life has failed to please her, could fall in love with and marry a man far beneath her in every respect and be willing to bear his children—one a year—and to endure the unutterable stupidity of an Alabama village.

A great love even between two people so different as her Helga Crane and the Reverend Mr. Pleasant Green might account for such strange behavior, but there is nothing to indicate that any such feeling exists.

The silly assertion on the jacket of the book that "it is almost the only Negro novel of recent years which is wholly free from the curse of propaganda" indicates, it appears to this reviewer, that the jacketeer has not read much of the new fiction dealing with the negro. Most of it is altogether free from propaganda, freer indeed, than Miss Larsen's book.

The style of the book is well-mannered and touched here and there with beauty. But its chief interest lies in the fact that its principal character is a person of a quite unusual mixture of blood rather than in what she does or says or what happens to her.

THE VIRGIN QUEENE. By HARFORD POWEL, JR. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

This novel begins, happily enough, with a quotation from Sheridan and gracious acknowledgments to such personages, real and imagined, as Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, and Barnham Dunn. Mr. Howe and Mr. Sedgwick give the book an air of scholarship and authority, and Barnham Dunn gives it a central figure. He is the hero, a successful advertising man who goes to England on a sort of sabbatical year and writes a play about Queen Elizabeth in blank verse so beautiful and true to the time and manner of Shakespeare that Dunn and a British coadjutor perpetrate a gigantic hoax. The whole world, from Oxford to Broadway, swallows "The Virgin Queene" as a lost masterpiece of Shakespeare.

The misadventures consequent upon the hoax are not less probable than that such a play could be written and palmed off on the experts, by so complete a modern as the author of optimistic little essays on Progress, and Radio, and Owning Your Own Home. But Mr. Powel does not seek very hard for credibility. He just asks us to go along with him and see what happens.

"The Virgin Queene" is not a pretentious novel. It is distinctly "light," hitting off national traits, British and American, by bringing into juxtaposition such characteristic specimens of the two civilizations as Dunn, the high priest of American optimism, and Oxford scholars with bad manners and unfathomable erudition.

Mr. Powel has made his hero, Dunn, incredibly naive, which is the conventional way of treating the American innocent abroad. To this convention he has added the refinement of making Dunn an advertising man and popular journalist, a facile inspirational writer brewing strong magic for the masses, sometimes cynical, sometimes victimized by his own unction. Now an editor, Mr. Powel himself has been in advertising, associated with the advertising firm of Barton, Durstine & Osborn. His book, "The Virgin Queene," is an amusing and whimsical tale told rapidly and with considerable urbanity.

THE THREE DAYS' TERROR. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Clode. $2 net.

WHAT WOMEN FEAR. By *Florence Riddell.* Lippincott. $2.

BLUE MURDER. By *Edmund Snell.* Lippincott. $2.

FLAME OF THE DESERT. By *Joseph B. Ames.* Duffield. $2 net.

PIRATE'S FACE. By *Norval Richardson.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE MAGIC SKIN. By *Honoré de Balzac.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2 net.

FLORIAN SLAPPEY GOES ABROAD. By *Octavus Roy Cohen.* Little, Brown.

COUSIN BETTE. By *Honoré de Balzac.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2 net.

NINETY-THREE. By *Victor Hugo.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2 net.

BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER. By *Earnest Elmo Calkins.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

IN SEARCH OF OUR ANCESTORS. By *Mary E. Boyle.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

THE BONCHURCH EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. XIX, Life; Vol. XX, Bibliography; Gabriel Wells.

POLITICIANS AND MORALISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Emile Faguet.* Little, Brown. $4.50 net.

THE STUMP FARM. By *Hilda Rose.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

CROMWELL. By *G. R. Stirling Taylor.* Little, Brown. $4 net.

LETTERS FROM MY MILL. By *Alphonse Daudet.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2. net.

OSTRICH EYES. By *Hilton Brown.* London. Allen & Unwin.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD. Edited by *Barrett H. Clark.* McBride. $5 net.

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY. By *Kay Cleaver Strahan.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THAT GAY NINETIES MURDER. By *Foxhall Daingerfield.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

SHANGHAI INN. By *Frank L. Packard.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE. By *Theodore A. Miller.* Stokes. $1.50.

ALICE IN THE DELIGHTED STATES. By *Edward Hope.* Dial. $2.50.

THE GREEN SHADOW. By *Herman Landon.* Dial. $2.

THE GOLDEN SPUR. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Dial. $2.

BIRD OF FREEDOM. By *Hugh Pendexter.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

Miscellaneous

EDUCATION IN UTOPIAS. By GILDO MASSO. Teachers College, Columbia Univ., N. Y. 1927. $1.50.

This volume is easily the most important work on Utopias which has yet appeared, being not, like most of the others, a mere history of the subject, but a thorough study of Utopian principles. The term "education," used as broadly as Mr. Masso uses it, covers not only the function of the school, but those of the home, the church, the state, and the community as a whole, however organized. None of the main issues of Utopianism is ignored. The striking result of Mr. Masso's study is that he finds, in all the leading Utopian schemes from Plato to Wells, an unquestionable tendency toward a substantial agreement on fundamental theses.

These theses may be summarized as the idea of the subordination of the individual to society, the active as opposed to the passive theory of government, belief in education as the main agency of social improvement, the doctrines of equality of opportunity and of equality of the sexes, eugenics, and, finally, the social theory of property whereby property rights are vested ultimately in the State. Furthermore, Mr. Masso has no difficulty in showing that all these main Utopian contentions are now generally accepted in theory and are being to an increasing degree adopted in practice.

METEOROLOGY. By *D. Brunt.* Oxford Press. $1.

A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES. By *P. Morton Shand.* Knopf.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING METHODS. By *Charles S. Hart.* New York: The De Bower Publishing Co., Inc.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE. By *John T. Winterich.* Greenberg. $2.

THE STORY OF PUBLIC UTILITIES. By *Edward Hungerford.* Putnam.

I GO A-FISHING. By *J. Brunton Blaikie.* London: Arnold.

Travel

TAMBO. By JAMES JENKINS. McBride. 1928. $2.

"Tambo" is Spanish-American for wayside inn, and Mr. Jenkins attaches it to his Peruvian impressions because part of them are strung along a mule-back journey up into the high Sierras where *tambos* are few, but welcome when they come.

His aim appears to be to give the "feel" of Peru, both that of frivolous, sad old Lima, and of the provincial town and Indian country, and to do this he chooses a form which is neither "travel book" nor fiction, but a hybrid between the two, in which things are seen and felt through the senses of a young American named Joel.

Joel is sensitive to a good deal, and often rather intelligently, but for a gentleman with a Down East name he slings English at a great rate ("the green yet nostalgic

(*Continued on page 900*)

MIRROR OF YOUTH
By MARIAN KING
An anthology that particularly stresses the great poems of the language that have "put a spirit of youth in everything." All poetry lovers will enjoy it. Miss King has culled the older poetry from Shakespeare and Shelley, and the great field of modern verse, ranging from Whitman and Kipling to Masefield, Housman, Sandburg and Millay. *Nearly Ready.* $2.00

The Gobbler of God
By PERCY MACKAYE
"This is an amazingly original and interesting piece of work. Mr. MacKaye has struck something entirely out of the ordinary in his Kentucky Mountain field. His description of the Gobbler of God and the conclave of wild turkeys is superbly dramatic."—*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.* $2.00

Seventeenth Century Lyrics
Edited by NORMAN AULT
"Not until you hold in your hand Mr. Ault's book can you possibly gauge the rich delight he has gathered for us."—*Christopher Morley in The Saturday Review.* $3.50

Coquette
By GEORGE ABBOTT and ANN PRESTON BRIDGERS
With an introduction by Percy Hammond
The outstanding success of the Broadway season. Those who read this striking play will understand why it has had so enthusiastic a welcome. $2.00

The Land of the Children
By S. GUSSIEV ORENBURGSKY
"This tale of Russia has the epic quality of Victor Hugo. Deeply stirring and significant."—*Henry W. Lanier, Golden Book.* $2.50
In its 2nd printing

Black Valley
By HUGO WAST
The Royal Spanish Academy Prize Novel by the most popular living writer of South America. A romance of Argentina. $2.50
In its 3rd printing

The Years Between
By PAUL FEVAL and M. LASSEZ
D'Artagnan, the incomparable, and his gay companions live again in this spirited story continuing "The Three Musketeers." Two volumes, boxed. $5.00
In its 2nd printing

Write for particulars regarding the Longmans, Green and Company Prize Novel Contest
LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
55 Fifth Ave., New York

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says:
"Perfectly done. Undoubtedly Esther Forbes was genuinely possessed of infernal powers when she wrote this darkly lustrous fable. To read it humbly, as beautiful books should be read, will give you a quicksilver horror."
$2.50 With Woodcuts — Houghton Mifflin Co.
ESTHER FORBES
AUTHOR OF
O GENTEEL LADY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On "Sets" of Books

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THERE are two reasons why I am interested in this question. The first of these reasons is Deborah. When Deborah was four years old her mother asked me to prescribe for a strange and alarming complaint—entire lack of interest in stories. "I suppose it is really my fault," the mother said. "Deborah has had very few individual books and all the stories I have read to her have been from a story collection that I bought when she was a baby. Perhaps you could help me to make stories interesting?" So, as the books of selected stories were illustrated in only two colors, we decided that Deborah had been starved for color and the first books we chose for her were colorful. There was "Poppy Seed Cakes" with its vivid pictures, "The Twins and Tabiffa," with charming child-like illustrations in full color, Leslie Brooke's amusing Three Bears, and some particularly gay Swedish picture-story books. It was almost certain that if Deborah had only made the acquaintance of stories in large, cumbersome volumes she would like some tiny books to carry around with her. We added to her library "Russian Picture Tales," the small editions of "Peter Rabbit" and "Little Black Sambo," and Rachel Field's cheerful little "Alphabet for Boys and Girls." This was just a beginning. Deborah's library has grown steadily and she loves books.

The other reason for my interest is that whenever I talk to a group of adults about books for children there are sure to be questions as to the advisibility of buying some particular set of books. "Sets" seem to have a curious fascination for some of us. They look so well on the shelves in their neat liveries of blue or red or green. The material they contain is so comfortably selected and arranged and catalogued, and it relieves the owner of all responsibility for thinking or choosing!

Another explanation of the popularity of sets of books is the persuasive and persistent way in which they are advertised. The publishers of a "home library" or "home educator" put all their ingenuity and effort into getting that particular set of books before the public. They advertise widely and alluringly, making the most extravagant statements. They offer an attractive bonus and give brief courses in salesmanship so that their salesmen go out armed with arguments before which the ordinary human is powerless. Not so long ago a mother said to a friend of mine:

> I'm very much worried. Yesterday a book agent came to the house and he said, when I refused to buy the expensive set of books he was selling, that I was criminally neglecting my child. Do you think I am?

A business man told me that on his return from the office one evening he found his wife regretting the fact that she had signed up for a set of books which the salesman had almost hypnotized her into believing to be essential to her child's education. The baby was then one year old!

❧ ❧

This does not mean that all sets of books are undesirable or that they are always sold by unscrupulous methods. The question is entirely one of relative values. While some sets of books are almost worthless others are useful to those who can afford to buy them *without being limited as to the purchase of other books.* Take one of the best known and most widely advertised sets of books for children, "My Bookhouse." This is a set of five books containing stories for children of different ages. On the whole the stories are well selected and arranged but the books for older children are too fragmentary in their presentation of "bits" from the classics. If parents can afford it such a collection may supplement children's reading but as their main literary diet emphatically NO. Think what can be done with the fifty or sixty dollars that is the price of a set of books! This amount will buy twenty-five or thirty books each of which will have its own delightful individuality, its own type of illustration, its own gay cover. The friendly little Peter Rabbit book with its fascinating pictures means far more to a child than Peter Rabbit as a story without individuality lost among others in a large volume. This also applies to books in series. Publishers tend to put out a series of classics in a uniform binding and a few of these go a long way. Look back to your childhood and think of the slim blue book that was "Alice in Wonderland," the stubby brown one that was "Robinson Crusoe," the worn green "Swiss Family." You found them on the shelves by their size and color, even now you can visualize their individuality of print and picture. Would you have had the same friendly feeling for them if they had been in a uniform edition? It is a question worth considering.

Perhaps the worst offenders are expensive sets of books which claim that they provide all the material necessary for "character-building." One of the most absurd of these includes a cross-cataloguing device by which one may find a story to fit every occasion. When a child tells a lie the appropriate character-building story will be found listed under "honesty" while if it is courage we wish to develop we must read him the stories listed under this heading! I have seen a little girl of five put her hands over her ears whenever she thought anyone was going to tell a story. She did this because her previous experience with stories had been "moral tales" told whenever she was naughty. There is no surer way to develop a dislike for literature than to use—or rather misuse—it in this way.

There are other sets of books besides those which present selections from literature and there is more excuse for the encyclopedic set than for any other. Children are animated question marks and somewhere there must be answers for their endless stream of questions. A well illustrated encyclopedia such as "Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia" or "The World Book" is an asset to a home in which there are children. "The Book of Knowledge" is very popular with children and with parents. It has its strong points; its weak ones are that it attempts to be a home educator as well as an encyclopedia and to give an introduction to almost every subject under the sun.

At least three or four "home educator" sets are now on the market under different and enticing names. Some of them may be of use to parents whose children cannot go to school. It is well, however, in considering a set of this kind to have the opinion and advice of some expert who can tell whether the material in the books is up-to-date and educationally sound. One attractive looking home kindergarten set is based on faulty psychology and presents methods of teaching that are fast becoming obsolete.

In general it is safe to be both critical and skeptical with regard to sets of books for they are too expensive to warrant experimentation.

Nowadays there are excellent books available to help those who wish to do their own selecting. Among these are:

THE CHILDREN'S READING. By *Frances Jenkins Olcott.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

This is a new edition of a reliable guide. A chapter on picture books and illustrators has been added and this should be helpful to those who are choosing books for younger children.

ADVENTURES IN READING. By *May Lamberton Becker.* Stokes. $2.

A very delightful book which is intended to interest older boys and girls in the right kind of reading.

The Horn Book.

This is a magazine published four times a year by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. It gives interesting and discriminating reviews of books for children and is well worth the subscription price of a dollar.

GOOD BUT FORGOTTEN

ALTHOUGH my oldest brother and I had many books of our own when we were children, we looked with envious eyes upon the bookcase of our in-between-brother and set him apart in our minds as a person of real distinction,—all this because he owned a slender volume bound in bright blue and printed with wide margins, called "The Gold Thread."

There were several reasons for its preciousness: first of all none of the neighborhood had ever heard of the book and so we could lend it with assured superiority. Then it was written by Norman MacLeod in far-away Canada, and best of all it was so full of exciting and unusual adventure that we could read it over and over with always the same thrill. We would follow Eric through the forest where the gold thread pointed the path, and would hold our breath as he dropped it to pursue a silver-winged bird. Foolish! Of course we would never do that. Then on through storm and darkness to the robbers' castle where Eric was held a prisoner for two days, and then escapes by the help of Wolf, the swineherd. There are still many terrifying adventures ahead of him but we are glad to remember that at last he finds again the gold thread and is brought safely to his father's house.

This book was published in Toronto by the Rose Belford Publishing Company.

Another splendid book published much later but equally difficult to find nowadays is "The Secret of Old Thunderhead," by Louise Godfrey Irwin,—a story of mystery and adventure on a Vermont farm and the girls and boys who took part in it. Just the jolly description of everyday farm life is entertainment enough, but added to this is the finding of the secret cave, and the secret itself, which brings not only amazement but great happiness to this interesting Vermont family. A real book, about many real happenings in the author's childhood.

HELEN UNDERHILL.

We think this is one of the most thrilling novels we have published in years.

WOMAN IN FLIGHT

Watch the reviews [GOOD BOOKS]

At all booksellers
$2.50
BONI & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.

A GUIDE POST TO CORRECT SPEECH

If you read, write, or talk the English language, this book will be of inestimable value.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY of ENGLISH GRAMMAR
and Handbook of American Usage
by Maurice H. Weseen

Cloth, $4.50—Thumb Indexed, $5.00
Leather, $6.00—Thumb Indexed, $6.50
Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 393 4th Ave., New York

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for History!

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT

By VERNON L. PARRINGTON
Professor of English in the University of Washington

VOLUME ONE: THE COLONIAL MIND

Volume One is a study of theocratic New England as exemplified by John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Cotton Mather; of the Rationalistic Eighteenth Century, with Benjamin Franklin as a leading figure; and of the Revolution and the clash of liberal and conservative principles, represented respectively by Jefferson and Hamilton, in the forming of the Constitution.

VOLUME TWO: THE ROMANTIC REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

Volume Two treats of the reaction in America to the liberal philosophy of France. Particular attention is given to the mind of the South as represented by Virginia and by the frontier West, and the contrast between the plantation mind and the mind of the industrial East and transcendental New England.

Seldom does a work receive such enthusiastic comments from layman and scholar alike as are given below:

Henry Seidel Canby, ***The Saturday Review***
"This is a work of the first importance, lucid, comprehensive, accurate as sound scholarship should be, and also challenging, original in its thinking, shrewd, and sometimes brilliant. Indeed it is the book which historians and critics of American literature have been waiting and hoping for."

The New York Times
"It is really an astounding gallery of American figures that Professor Parrington has brought within the compass of a single work. Biographically it is unquestionably the richest historical study that this country has yet produced."

Fred Lewis Pattee, ***The New York Sun***
"By far the best history of American literature that has yet appeared."

The Boston Transcript
"There is something fascinating in studying American history in thought, ideas, ideals—the chapters being men's lives and books. This getting at the inside of a nation's development instead of its chronology, its presidents and its wars, is in itself a romance. *Would that we had a college course like this in our day!*"

Charles A. Beard, ***The Nation***
"He has written a truly significant book; according to signs on every hand, a work that promises to be epoch-making, sending exhilarating gusts through the deadly miasma of academic criticisms."

Each volume, $4.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

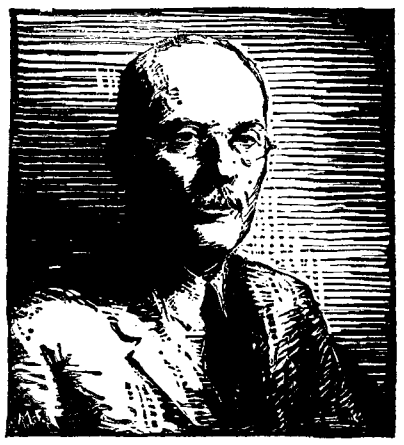
NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

The Pulitzer Prize Poem

Tristram

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

Fifty-third Thousand



FOR the third time the highest poetry award in America has gone to Edwin Arlington Robinson, — this year for *Tristram*, called by many competent critics the greatest poem yet written in America. Of him the *New York World* said recently: "..we know we have at least one poet among us, one poet who has kept his blade shining bright, one poet by whom this generation may be remembered by the next." Cloth $1.50; Leather $3.00.

COLLECTED POEMS

The only complete edition of Edwin Arlington Robinson's work, in which will be found the prize winning poetry of 1921 and 1924 and also *Tristram*. Five Volumes—Cloth $10.50; Leather $15.00.

Bernard De Voto's New Novel

THE HOUSE OF SUN-GOES-DOWN

In this powerful novel we watch a section of our country emerge from rough frontier days to a place of power and prestige. But it is far from the usual picture In this story of James Abbey who left the South after the collapse of the Confederacy to form a new dynasty of landed gentry in the West, and of his son who seeks power through the control of copper, one views a drama of elemental forces. $2.50

Walter Lippmann's New Book

AMERICAN INQUISITORS

By the Author of *Men of Destiny*

An incisive, sparkling commentary on Dayton and Chicago in which Mr. Lippmann discusses Bryan and the Scopes trial and Mayor Thompson's book crusade as new phases of the ancient conflict between freedom of thought and popular rule. $1.25

Now in Twentieth Thousand

ETCHED in MOONLIGHT

By James Stephens

"James Stephens' name on a book is like the hallmark on silver," says Harry Hansen in the *New York World*, and twenty thousand readers have agreed with this judgment since publication. $2.50

CREATION *by* EVOLUTION

Edited by Frances Mason

In this book a group of the most eminent scientists of Great Britain and America give the facts about nature which they have discovered in their special fields, and tell what their findings prove in regard to nature's method of creation. The subject is presented in non-technical language that all may understand. *Illustrated* $5.00

Two Great Books for Travelers

Under Turquoise Skies

By Will H. Robinson

Arizona and New Mexico are unrolled in all their bright beauty in this new book by a native of the Southwest who knows his scene and how to depict it.

Illustrated $5.00

The People of the Twilight

By Diamond Jenness

Fridtjof Nansen says, "This is a charming narrative of the author's life during two years with the primitive Eskimos of the Coronation Gulf."

Illustrated $3.00

Have you read this native literature?

UP EEL RIVER

By Margaret Prescott Montague

A group of humorous American folk tales from the West Virginia hills which Walter Yust acclaims in the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "It is this committee's own book of the month... How one is to convey the breathless vivacity of these stories I can't imagine."

Illustrated $2.50

All Bookstores Have These Books Now

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · · NEW YORK

Points of View

Jane Austen or Powys

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

We would have written this letter last week, but hoped someone would save us the trouble. It is about your two too sophisticated articles anent "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" and your Mr. Hamish Miles.

"That young man is not quite the thing . . . [We] do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing." He wrote a long appreciative review of Mr. Powys's book in your issue of April 7th, and did not in any way indicate where the title came from. You might have caught that in the proof, but you actually wrote an editorial in your last and best number on the same subject, and failed to mention that in the first volume of the book of "Emma" it is written—of Mr. Elton—"She believed he had been drinking too much of Mr. Weston's good wine and felt sure he would want to be talking nonsense."

As to Mr. Powys's book—Mr. Miles has made it sound so uninviting that we have no desire to read it. Living, as we do, south of Mason and Dixon's Line, we prefer Jane Austen's vision of Highbury—or Folly Down—to his. We think it is not only far pleasanter, but much more profitable to study the follies of human nature as they may be seen three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, rather than on one November afternoon—or night. Let Puritans and the kind of damnyankees who are interested in devil worship dance with Lolly Willowes on their unholy night. Ourselves—we prefer the Baltimore Assembly, and Highbury as it is depicted up-to-date by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

If this letter is not quite intelligible to you, we suggest that you send it to Mr. Kipling. For although he does not always practice our precepts, he does understand our language.

We live in the slums of Baltimore—not on Hollins Street with Mr. Mencken—but near the Cathedral and the Pratt Library and Dr. Kirk, whom you, in New York, tried in vain to lure away from us.

A FAIRLY CONSTANT READER.

P. S. There is one thing we learned from that unlearned review—that Mr. Weston made his money "in liquor." We always wondered how he managed to make enough in eighteen or twenty years of business to begin life over again, buy "Randalls," marry the portionless Miss Taylor, and set up as a gentleman! His having been in the County Militia, of course, partly accounts for his success in that line of trade.

"Meat"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The essence of Wilbur Daniel Steele's novel is not "Meat," but drink. It is the translation of St. Paul's formula into terms of nationality that inflicted upon America the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. Steele shows us Anne India applying the "I will eat no meat" formula to protect her abnormal son. He shows us that in the end her efforts nullified themselves. Anne typifies the many who are so obsessed by their desire to do good that they are unable to see beyond the seeming expediency of their acts.

Doubtless Mr. Steele desires the readers of "Meat" to ask themselves the question Anne India should have asked, which is this: Does the "I will eat no meat" attitude parallel or run counter to some fundamental law operative in the affairs of men? Once this question is asked, we can not doubt that Mr. Steele's purpose in writing "Meat" was to show that St. Paul's formula, together with the amendment it engendered, does run counter to a fundamental law inherent in and necessary to man's spiritual development.

Now will the average reader grasp this, or has the novelist so handicapped the moralist that he was unable to make the lesson clear to those who need to learn it,—the people whose habit of thought tends always toward expediency and who seldom question the wisdom of their kindly impulses to do good.

Mr. Steele's admirers will wish that he had forgotten his rôle of storyteller long enough to have permitted the moralist to make clear the fact that while the world has always needed reforms, and got them, some reforms have succeeded and some have failed. The reason why this is true is the basis of "Meat." For the reforms that succeed are those that correct some unjustifiable transgression of the liberties of mankind. The reforms that fail do in themselves transgress a law of liberty. And St. Paul's formula and the Eighteenth Amendment are infringements of a law that humanity has written in letters of blood against the sky of its destiny—the right of choice.

The necessity of choosing is a law of man's world, in the exercise of which he has groped his way upward. The right of every man to choose for himself is a corollary of the law of liberty which forbids his choosing for others. Man must live in a world in which the things essential not only to his welfare and enjoyment, but to life itself can also be used by him for his own degradation. He must choose. He frequently chooses unwisely. Here the ardent sophist, full of hope and good intentions, steps in to remove from the world the things, not harmful in themselves, which tempt man to use them harmfully. The sophists gave us the Eighteenth Amendment.

For eight years we have watched it increasingly nullify itself, as in the end the fundamental law of liberty, with its corollary of the right of choice, will ever nullify any man-made law that transgresses it.

And when in addition the man-made law embodies a principle which if generally applied to the affairs of men would mean the nullification of life itself, the retributive law of liberty creates for man problems greater than the one he attempted through kind but misdirected impulses to solve.

We wish Mr. Steele had made this plainer. Sophists are not addicted to searching out the motives hidden in the forces of life or in the minds of authors. And today is the day of the sophists.

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN.
Prescott, Arizona.

Books Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

There is much romanticism exuded over the mountaineer welfare work. Some feel that those who live in so picturesque and socially simple an environment should be left in peace with their lives and ideas. Others hold that these, of all our people, deserve well of the republic because they are Nordic, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, and need only help of this character to become our race of supermen. But I feel that the hitherto unmolested mountaineer has the right to have and to use the same tools that I have had and to make his decision as to the sort of civilization he likes best. As to which he chooses I don't give a damn, but I want him to have his choice and his chance to make it. Therefore I am interested in the following appeal from Miss Richards.

FREDERICK H. POWELL.
Washington, D. C.

We should be glad for books of any kind, especially classics and books of reference. We especially need a large dictionary for school purposes. We should be very glad for good novels just so they are not too modernistic in their views. We should be glad for good books on farming, agriculture, and scientific lines. In fact any good standard books would be appreciated very much. The best way to send them is by insured parcel post to the address below.

We have a most interesting work established here in the heart of the Kentucky hills where the need is very great along every line. Our work covers a radius of several miles and we reach two thousand people without churches, doctors, hospital, schools, or good roads. We have been here just a year and a half and we have a nice five-room schoolhouse, a workers' home, the grades in school, four years of high school work and six workers. We are meeting a great need in this section.

ELIZA RICHARDS.
Supervisor Glen Eden Community Center, Williba, Lee Co., Ky.

Houston Stuart Chamberlain's Letters covering the years 1882-1924 have been gathered together into a volume recently issued in Munich by Bruckmann. They are the correspondence of one to whom letter-writing came by nature, and as the reflection of a controversial personality expressing itself to men of large importance, they are of high interest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

D. M. T., Syracuse, N. Y., looks for books on six cities, if possible one for each, London, Canterbury, Nuremberg, Vienna, Prague, Munich, not exactly travel-books, but combining history with description of places and people, something in the style of Lucas's "Wanderer" books.

FORTUNATELY all but two of these are represented in the "Mediaeval Cities" published by Dutton, a group of books of just the sort indicated, something between history and traveler's companions. The first of these that I read, some time ago, chanced to be "Prague," by Count Lutzow, one of the few books I have read about a city I never visited that gave me not only a strong desire to go there, but an illusion that I had been. "London," by H. B. Wheatley: "Canterbury," by Sterling Taylor: "Nuremberg," by Cecil Headlam, are standard history-guides, like all the books in this series, well illustrated and costing two dollars apiece. For Vienna there is a recent book by Alice M. Williamson, "The Lure of Vienna" (Doubleday), setting forth stories, history, and sketches of the life of to-day in this truly alluring city. I do not know a book all about Munich, and I think Baedeker's "Southern Germany" (Scribner) is as near as one may come to it.

S. C. Wellesley College, wants the best book on horsemanship; she has ridden all her life but has just been given a horse and knows nothing about its care.

A REVISED and enlarged edition of J. M. T. Baretto de Souza's "Principles of Equitation" (Dutton $5) has quite lately appeared: this is the best-known book on the subject in America, comprehensive, clear, and well illustrated. It was originally called "Elements of Equitation," but this gave the wrong idea of a book that is a thorough treatment of its subject. Where this leaves off the same author's "Advanced Equitation" (Dutton) begins. "Mount and Man," by M. F. McTaggert (Scribner), is an English "key to better horsemanship," illustrated by Lionel Edwards. "Riding Astride for Girls," by Ivy Maddison (Holt), is practical for a beginner and useful even for the more experienced rider: this too has pictures.

M. E. T., Rome, N. Y., must write a paper on Fascism, and asks which of the books now appearing on this subject she should read for information.

THE book I wish I could read is the new "Storia d'Italia," the history by Benedetto Croce that I see has just been suppressed in Italy by the Fascist régime, apparently because it considers the movement in its place in Italian history, and not altogether as a phenomenon unparalleled on the globe. But this is not yet accessible in English—all I know of it is what I read in the papers—and the work of another Italian historian, Professor Gaetano Salvemini of the University of Florence, is frankly directed toward the weak spots in the régime; the first volume of his "Fascist Dictatorship in Italy" (Holt), which appeared in English last year, is soon to be followed by a second. "Mussolini, Man of Destiny," by Victor de Fiori (Dutton), is an admiring account of the life of the Duce, showing the shifting of his ideals. William Bolitho's "Italy Under Mussolini" (Macmillan), is relatively calm, and I'd read anything set down by this observer with a disposition to believe him. If I were writing a club paper on Fascism I would urge my hearers to suspend judgment and avoid categorical statements on insufficient evidence. But then I could not be induced to write one now.

G. H. T., Indianapolis, Ind., and several others, have lately asked me for advice on first editions, English or American, and asked my opinion on the values of certain books.

I DO not pretend to advise on matters of book-buying, my only way of keeping track of prices being through "American Book Prices Current," the only advice I can give on selling, to send titles and descriptions to one or more booksellers whose addresses may be found somewhere in this review, and see what they will pay. At least this is a conservative method for one at a distance from a large city. But a book has just been published by Greenberg, called "Collector's Choice" by John T. Winterich, that goes on with the good work of this author's "Primer of Book Collecting" (Greenberg) and discusses several hundred books, considering questions of condition, issues, completeness, and English versus American firsts. This is, I know, a book that these correspondents need. Please do not ask me to set a value on old books: this is a special field of which I know nothing at all.

W. C. S., who lately asked for advice on a literary atlas of the British Isles, is hereby informed, through a correspondent in England, that one is published that was not set down in my list. This is the "Atlas of English Literature" by Edgar Shannon and Clement Goode, published by the Century Company, N. Y. City. It has maps showing locations of places associated with writers and their work in the various periods of English literautre: it is meant for a supplementary volume in survey courses and as a reference book. I may add that I promptly sent two dollars to the Century Co. for a copy, books of this sort being welcome in my library.

H. G., Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., had once an excellent little treatise on the works of Horace, so popular with students that it was finally borrowed away from him for good, after which the exact name of the author grew a trifle hazy. He is especially anxious to procure another copy, and as my guess that it must be Tuckwell's "Horace," in Bell's "Miniature Series of Great Writers," proved correct, if a reader of this department knows where to find it, please speak up. The book was published by Macmillan but is now out of print.

L. L., Milltown, N. J., asks who is Martin Armstrong, who translated "El Sombrero de Tre-Pecos," recently published by Simon & Schuster, and if he has translated other Spanish novels?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG, whose version of Alarcon's "The Three-Cornered Hat" is so sparkling it gives no sign of being a translation at all, is an English novelist, short story writer, and poet. So far as his American publishers know, this is his first translation from the Spanish, but it is not likely to be his last. Simon & Schuster tell me that they are this Spring bringing out a book that will interest the recent enquirer for a work on the principles and uses of cryptography: "The Cryptogram Book," by Prosper Buranelli, F. G. Hartswick, and Margaret Petherbridge. And from what I hear of publishers' plans, this won't be the only such.

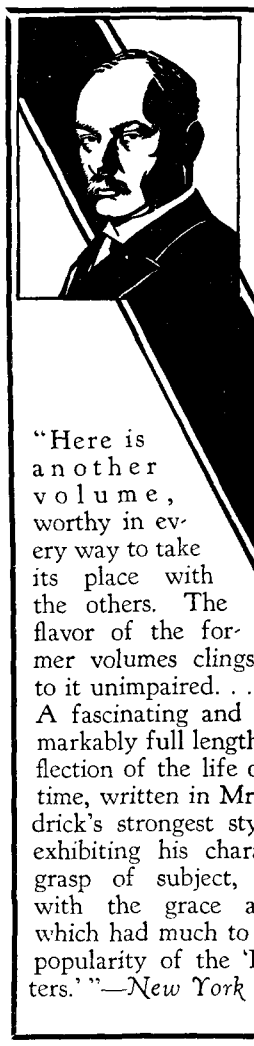
O. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for histories of newspapers, their origin and rise in Europe as well as the earliest in this country: weeklies may be included, though the main subject is the news sheet.

"THE Newspaper and Authority," by Lucy Maynard Salmon (Oxford University Press), is a history of censorship in its various forms and of the results therefrom arising, but its documentation is so thorough that I have referred to it again and again in looking up matters in the history of the newspaper. George Henry Payne's "History of Journalism in the United States" (Appleton), covers our side of the water from the earliest times to 1920. There is a new, enlarged edition of Frank M. O'Brien's "Story of the Sun" (Appleton), bringing it to the present day. A side of the subject unfamiliar to the American student is presented in Harry Emerson Wilder's "Social Currents in Japan: with Reference to the Newspapers" (University of Chicago). This describes the field and methods of various types of Japanese journals, especially those of huge circulation—the *Osaka Mainichi* prints two and a half million copies daily—and explains the relation of yellow journalism to the yellow races, with special attention to censorship matters.

G. C. D., Nevada, Mo., asks for material on the life and work of Emily Dickinson.

"THE Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson," by Martha G. Dickinson Bianchi (Houghton Mifflin), may be read before or after the "Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson (Little, Brown), edited by Mrs. Bianchi, but either leads into the other and both should be in every public library and in the home collection of any poetry-lover.

We Publish and Market
BOOKS OF THE UNUSUAL KIND:
Those Having a Purpose
Estimates Furnished.
Catalogue Mailed on Request.
AVONDALE PRESS
1841 BROADWAY, New York City



JUST PUBLISHED

WALTER H. PAGE'S

Earlier Life And Letters

by

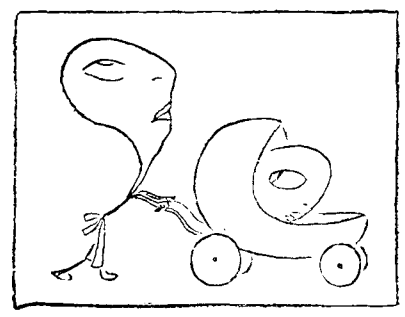
Burton J. Hendrick

Illustrated
$5.00

"Here is another volume, worthy in every way to take its place with the others. The flavor of the former volumes clings to it unimpaired. . . . A fascinating and remarkably full length reflection of the life of his time, written in Mr. Hendrick's strongest style and exhibiting his characteristic grasp of subject, combined with the grace and charm which had much to do with the popularity of the 'Life and Letters.' "—*New York Times.*

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co. as THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN

$100.00 a line for Poetry!



Tender are a mother's dreams,
But her babe's not what he seems.
See him plotting in his mind
To grow up some other kind.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Versifiers: Behold one of the 100 pictures, with its rhyme, from

THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS

by CLARENCE DAY
author of *This Simian World*

One of the rhymes is incomplete. Only one syllable of its last line is printed. You will find the mutilated verse on Page 24 of THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS.

For the best completion of the incomplete verse, the publisher will pay one hundred dollars.

The conditions are stated below. Sharpen up your pile of pencils and fall to. Your bookseller has the book, and it may be seen on request at the office of the publisher. It costs you $3.50—and win or lose, the price of a theater ticket was never better spent.

The Rules

1. Your version of the incomplete line must be legibly written, printed, or typed.
2. It must rhyme with the second line of the stanza as printed in the book.
3. It must be received by the publisher by 5:30 p. m., Friday, June 29, 1928.
4. Anyone may compete except employees of the publisher and their relatives.
5. If duplicate answers should be adjudged the best, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tied contestant.

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

BORZOI BOOKS

Contest Editor 1

Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue
New York City

My version of the missing line is as follows:

Or .....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Fifty Books of 1928

Portion of an Address given at the opening of the Exhibition of the "Fifty Books of 1928" at the Grolier Club, May 16, 1928

By Carl Purington Rollins

Printer to Yale University

THE Jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts has completed its task, and we now have the result before us in the Fifty Books of 1928, shown here to-night for the first time in exhibition. These fifty volumes, it should be said, represent the mature judgment of the jury as the fifty books printed or published in the twelve months before March, 1928, which most successfully meet the conditions imposed upon printer and publisher. Carl Heintzemann, of Boston, who was a good printer—a very good printer indeed—used to say that his office did the best it could under the conditions imposed by his clients—and this remark served equally well to explain success or failure! But there was a distinct intimation in the remark that the printer was little more than a passive agent in the production of a book: the client's conditions were paramount. And Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant, is quoted as saying that "the customer is always right." That was a frank restatement of the ancient adage that he who pays the piper may call the tune. For a dry goods dealer or a street musician this may seem all well and natural: after all, they are but traders, hucksters, selling to whoever will buy, and perforce more interested in money than in goods. It is the attitude of the man who sells his muscles to dig a ditch, or of him who is more interested in the cash transaction than in the article which passes from his hand to that of another. They are bourgeois maxims, adages of that trading class which put down the feudal system, spread commerce over the world, encouraged scientific investigation, and finally has come to dominate not only our active life, but our very thoughts. To such a civilization, the present differences between "craftsmen" and "artists" seems natural and right. The craftsman is a hired laborer, a machine operator, bound to do what he is told to do by the man who pays the bills: the artist is a queer stick who does what he wants to do regardless of the ethics of the market.

These ethics of the market have, it seems to me, had too much influence in the selection of the fifty books for these annual exhibitions. Cleverness, superficiality, makeshift, a generally rather too commonplace level—the virtues of a trading nation—have been the criteria to a larger extent than seems to me best for the interest of American printers. Rather than set a high standard—the highest—even, perhaps, at the risk of having less than fifty books to show, we have chosen those which "most successfully met the conditions imposed by the client." That is, instead of shooting at a star, we have aimed at a straw target, and, by George, we've hit it! All this may not make the situation clear to you. You may say that the printer often does better by the client than the client expects, or that failures are not due to the client's demands, but to the printer's stupidity, or that the question of practicability comes in. But that is really only to beg the question. Is it worth while to make a selection of fifty books which meet the average conditions of a market which, because it is a market, must always be less sensitive to the finer products of man's activities? Is it worth while to take second-best because it is ingenious, rather than the best because it is fine? Is it worth while at all to consider a poor type-face because it is commercially available, rather than to judge a type-face solely on its true merits as a design? In short, is it not a confession of impotence to take expediency as a criterion instead of high endeavor?

It happens that we can examine this matter a little more fully by reason of two very extraordinary exhibitions which roughly coincide with this opening. I refer to the Kelmscott Press books, just departed from this room, and Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press books on view at the Art Center. Possibly in the clear radiance of their examples, I have been led to clarify and burn clear of tangling shifts and excuses, thoughts which I believe to lie at the base of good work, thoughts which alone will enable their possessor to *do* good work, and thereby retain some measure of peace of mind.

Kelmscott books are familiar to you all. There is no longer ignorance of what they look like. No one now thinks of "Golden" type as made of gold—neither does one now complain that the paper is so rough as to hurt his fingers! But if I thought I was immune to the intoxication of superb craftsmanship, and I am afraid that I did have such a thought, I lost it in this room full of those magnificent volumes. In the midst of our stupid gropings for the "new" as exemplified by crazy-quilt patterns, and black-as-hell type with its obscene obesity, and panels of half-tone screen work doing duty for design, and lettering with the naïveté of baby and his blocks—in the midst of this welter by "we moderns" who flaunt our witless concepts before an amazed world, this exhibit of real printing was almost as much of a shock as it was to the affronted public of the early nineties.

"Oh the crowd must have emphatic warrant"—and it got it! Here was color—firm, triumphant impression—solid paper or vellum—brave, forthright type—all done into books with competent craftsmanship.

Neither is there any flavor of decadence about the work of the Merrymount Press. As unlike Kelmscott Press work as Summer Street, Boston, is alien to the quiet reaches of the Thames-side meadows about Kelmscott and Lechlade, as varied in manner as Kelmscott books are similar, Mr. Updike's printing has about it the same quality of honest and deliberate purpose, the same successful attempt (with rare exceptions) to do the thing not as the customer wants it, but as a master craftsman sees that it should be done. That a printing-office conducted on normal commercial lines should not show the effects of such contamination is too much to ask. The Merrymount Press has been obliged occasionally to compromise. Morris's vigorous assertion of his independence of the client was perhaps not temperamentally possible to Mr. Updike, nor, in the nature of the case, essential to the success of the venture. But what is evident, if I know the history and works of that press, is that Mr. Updike never compromised with his conscience in the purpose and ideals of the establishment, nor accepted the slogan that "the customer is always right." Merrymount Press books are examples—sometimes more lovely than magnificent—of a very great craftsman practicing his craft in a noble and independent manner, with intelligence and rare discrimination.

I have intimated rather definitely that we have paid too high regard to the customer and his foibles; that our failures are due to causes outside ourselves. It is as plain as Goudy Bold that there *are* causes outside ourselves, causes due to the queer organization of society, to our bitter competitive system, to our worship of Bourgeois shibboleths, which do affect our printing. But these are not easily remedied. It will take time, and the intangible forces of what we call progress to bring about the necessary readjustments.

There is something to be done by each and everyone of us who is interested in printing as his chosen profession. This something involves no national association, no secretary, no by-laws, no campaign for funds, no lobby in Washington. Morris did it with Titanic fury; Updike has done it with charm and effectiveness. In a sense every printer does it, though the measure of success achieved by each is the intelligence of the individual printer. And no better place to study this quality is likely to be provided for many a year than the Merrymount Press exhibit at the Art Center. What the individual printer can do is to select with all the discrimination and prayerful consideration he is capable of, the types with which he shall print. For good type lies at the root of all good printing. No fine design, nor hand-made paper, nor careful type-setting, nor fine presswork, nor sumptuous binding can make a book a piece of fine printing if a poor type is used. Good type will not alone make fine printing, although it will go far to redeem all the other deficiencies. But you cannot have good printing with inferior type.

That there is a choice in type can easily be proved by the classic example of Caslon. Other faces could be used to prove the point, but it is so apparent with Caslon, and there are so many versions of it, that the lesson is clearer. I do not need to point out that in Merrymount Press books printed in the English Caslon Old Face we have the supreme excellence of the face; that in the various mutilated Caslons of commerce we have the ultimate nadir. Between them are all varieties of good, bad, and indifferent—machine and foundry—but only one best. Between the versions of, say, Garamond, it is not so easy to explain the best and the worst; and when we come to compare types of different kinds, judgment and taste begin to play a part. But yet there is good and poor type, and it is our duty as intelligent printers to make the decisions which will insure the first requisite of good printing—good type.

It seems to me that good type must, in the first case, be well designed. It must be good in individual letters, and it must compose well. Then it must be well cut—that is, the punches must be cut by hand, because only in that way can the meritorious and human qualities of the design be preserved. I realize that this means that the type will not be a perfect replica of the designer's patterns; but this is an essential of good type—that it be not mechanical. We have had such a marvellous perfecting of mechanism in the past century that it is almost blasphemous to suggest that a meticulous accuracy is not the first consideration; but it is not. A skilful punch cutter, rendering in steel the design of a first-class draftsman, can achieve beauty and allurement which, of course, the machine can never do. And it is probably true that the designer, under the spell of mechanism and absolute fidelity to pattern, insensibly falls into the slough of that relative perfection which is the abomination of art.

This matter of mechanism is perhaps the greatest single problem of our day. We worship machines. We look to them as "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone." We look with awe on the automatic press which does everything but think. We are hypnotized by a Hoe press, a monotype or linotype machine, a gathering machine. And, alas, we expect to see something choice come forth without the use of hand and eye and brain. But it is indubitable that "the machine can produce anything—except a work of art." The work of art can only come from the human craftsman. And it is the human craftsman who alone can produce a satisfactory type-face—designer and punch cutter working in accord. It is undoubtedly this fact which is at the base of the beauty and eternal freshness of those type "survivals" which make the work of the Merrymount Press so mellow and elusively charming—not any quality of age or archaeological interest. Oxford type, for instance, which is somewhat frail and tender, possesses charm out of all explaining. The English Caslon Old Face retains its pre-eminence not because of its venerable years, but because into it went some human quality which retired abashed before the cruel onslaught of the machine. Scotch Roman of the original cut was almost the last type-face to go forth from the designer's and cutter's hands with the pristine freshness of color and ruggedness.

You will say, and I do not deny it, that this brings us to something of a stale-mate; that Merrymount Presses are born, not made; that it is senseless to remain in that vacuum so amusingly described by Mr. Wells in his account of the meeting of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society. Well, it seems to me the answer is plain. To get fine printing William Morris went back deliberately to the first practices of the craft; but today we can, and do, do good printing, very superb printing, on printing machines—*when we treat the machine as a tool.* The Merrymount Press uses good type—type which has been selected from the repository of inherited faces. But those types are cast in modern machines. If we are to get good type-faces we must go back to the earlier methods, and cut our designs on punches, and so secure that slight freedom from slavish accuracy which is anathema to the mechanic, but the delight of all who love beauty.

These fifty books represent some of the best work of American printers. In some of the essentials of fine printing they are very excellent indeed. Presswork is usually of a high order, paper suitable to the purpose has frequently been selected, and binding exhibits the variety which it, as the least subject to rule of all the processes of book-making, is amply justified in assuming. If these books offend, save in those obvious cases which are happily rare, it is that they possess a machined look, a smoothness and flatness which tends to rob them of charm. They are, as indeed one might surmise, all too redolent of the iron monsters which gave them birth.

My critics will say that is just what they should show, in a machine age; that hand-printed books are redolent of the crude device which saw their birth-pangs. Well, the fact is that it is yet to be proved—and I believe can never be proved, despite the whirring of cog-wheel and the suck of compressed air and the nerve shattering steady grind of all the parts—it remains to be proved that the machine can produce a work of art. Only the tool, in the hands of the competent craftsman can do that. And however much an abject nation may worship the marvels of Detroit and Pittsburgh and Cumberland Mills and the printing-office which turns out a complete new book every day, it will still be intrigued and in the end—an end perhaps far off, but surely coming—it will either subdue this machine to its proper place as a tool, or it will utterly abandon and abolish it. For the beauty produced by the human hand and eye produces the highest price even in the market, and is the pattern for even the machine-made products. It is futile to remould the human heart—and the human heart is only satisfied with human and companionable things.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page 896*)

fluidity of music") and seems to strain a bit to show that no matter where he hails from, absinthe is just so much breakfast food for him. "How pale Christ looks, how dissipated, against the crimson velvet so lavishly hung from the ceiling. Towards him Immaculate Conception swells her bulging warmth. . . ." During an Andean religious procession of dancing Indians, Joel sees "sweaty, greasy, ripe Indian girls, juicy mouthfuls for adolescent lovers, waiting at street corners to appraise, with innuendos, their allure." Stepping from a Lima trolley-car, he hears from the corner canteen, "a wiry, skeleton shiver, a whang. Mechanical jaws clamped over a laxative coin and the bawdy piano loosened its bowels of an American tune that flooded the street." And so on. Mr. Jenkins would not be harmed by a little of the dry classicism of English A.

Under Turquoise Skies. By *Will H. Robinson.* Macmillan. $5.

Come With Me Through Belgium and Holland. By *Frank Schoonmaker.* McBride, $2.

Sir John Mandeville's Travels. Everyman's Library. Dutton. Cloth, 80c.

Seeing Russia. By *Em. Newman.* Funk & Wagnalls Co. $5.

Sicily: Present and Past. By *Ashley Brown.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

NEW DIMENSIONS

THE DECORATIVE ARTS OF TODAY IN WORDS AND PICTURES

BY PAUL T. FRANKL

The book you have been waiting for, by America's foremost authority. With over a hundred illustrations. $6.00

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD • NEW YORK

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICE

AMERICANA

FAMILY, TOWN, COUNTY AND State Histories. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscript and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW FOR SALE. Volume 1 (fifty-two numbers), $15.00; Volume 2, $10.00; Volume 3, $7.50. Single copies, price on request. Back numbers of all magazines; list free. Salisbury, 78 E. 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS—Oscar Wilde's Poems, Bosschere's illustrations, limited edition, $12.00; Pierre Louys' Song of Bilitis, Pogany's illustrated edition; limited, signed, $10.00; Stiles' Bundling (pernicious colonial custom), $2.50; Mark Twain's Conversation 1601 (privately printed, limited edition), $2.50; Mademoiselle de Maupin (Red Classics, complete edition), $1.25; Waite's Secret Tradition in Alchemy, $2.50; Bayles' Old Taverns of New York (illustrated), $2.50; Casanova's Life from 1774 to 1798, supplementing his Famous Memoirs, $1.50; Apuleius' Golden Asse, $1.25; Petronius' Satyricon, $1.25; DeSade's Dialogue Between Priest and Dying Man (limited edition), $4.00; Procopius' Secret History (limited edition, autographed), $16.00; McMurtrie's Golden Book (first edition, limited), $5.00. Numerous other bargains. Catalogues mailed. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

UNEXPURGATED AND UNABRIDGED translations of famous classics at unusually low prices. Cloth bound and illustrated: Boccaccio's Decameron, Heptameron of Navarre; Masuccio; Rabelais Complete Works; Mademoiselle de Maupin; Balzac's Droll Stories; Rousseau's Confessions (usually sold at $3.50), our temporary price: $1.75 each, four books for $6.75. Renaissance Book Company, wholesale and retail booksellers, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS; Golden Asse of Apuleius. Beautiful Blue Classic edition. Unabridged and unexpurgated; $2.50 each, or both for only $4.00 postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, 231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

SONGS OF BILITIS, PIERRE LOUYS, first offering at $5.00; Schopenhauer's Essays, Plato's Republic, Descartes Meditations, $1.75 each. Bargain catalogue ready. Samuel Scheinbaum, 10 Bible House, New York.

CONRAD COMPLETE WORKS, HALF leather binding, Kent edition, new, 26 volumes, ($65.00) $35.00 prepaid. Manhattan Book Shop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS, translation by W. C. Firebaugh; Il Pentamerone translated by Sir Richard Burton; Tristram Shandy, Sentimental Journey by Lawrence Sterne; Complete Poems of Villon; $3.50 each. Send for Catalogue. Gerhardt, 17 West 44th.

THE EASTERN BOOK BUREAU, 925 Broadway, New York, specializes only in limited editions, unexpurgated translations, privately printed items, curiosa and esoterica appealing chiefly to discriminating private book collectors. Catalogue upon request.

BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

OUT-OF-PRINT, RARE BOOKS wanted by dealers and collectors are likely to be discovered and may be purchased from the thousands of Saturday Review readers by advertising in Counter Attractions. Rates in last column. 25 West 45th St., N. Y.

THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

WANTED: BOOK by Darien A. Straw, published 1892 by Albert, Scott & Co., Chicago. Notify Mrs. William Trotter, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars fre. Write: Contacts, Box 263-S, Manorville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, FIRST Edition, with manuscript notes and additions; Cogan's Haven of Health, 1584; Dresser's Birds of Europe, 1871-'96; Lilford's Birds of Great Britain, 1885-'97; Harvey's Anatomical Exercitations, 1653; other choice items with First Editions, colored plate books, etc., for readers and collectors, 15c to $500. Catalogue 10, post free from Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, England.

"LATTERDAY PAMPHLETS," A NEW thing in publishing:—Literary works of less than ten thousand words; poems, essays, etc., printed in distinctive pamphlets which sell at an average of 35c the copy. Among the contributors to Spring Series 1928: William Murrell, Peggy Bacon, Francis Faragoh, John Appleby, Herbert J. Seligman, and others. Write for list of this series. Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York.

ARE YOU ACQUAINTED with Bartlett's Bellman? His most recent appearance is on Bartlett's Clearance Catalogue and Bartlett's Hand-bill of First Editions. Write for copies to N. J. Bartlett & Co., Inc., 37 Cornhill, Boston.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP, 7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, has the most varied and interesting stock of Rare Books, Autographs, First Editions, Modern Press Books. Catalogues post free.

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT; Tristram; We, limited, signed; Morley; Cather; Wilder; Wells; Walpole; Masefield; first editions. Country Book Shop, Greenwich, Conn.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

ROSENBACH—Books and Bidders, limited edition, $15.00; Robinson—Roman Barthalow, $5.00; Wilde—A House of Pomegranates, $35.00. The Walden Book Shop, 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FOREIGN BOOKS

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES WISHES TO recommend highly Mr. E. Heym, 45, Chestnut Road, Raynes Park, London, S. W. 20, as an expert book-buyer and collector, especially in French literature. Mr. Heym is a very successful finder of books wanted, and his prices are most reasonable.

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired. Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. expert service. Open evenings.

HOUSE WANTED

SMALL UNFURNISHED 5-6 room house on outskirts of village or a farmhouse within mile of village, wanted to rent for one year. Must be about one hour from Grand Central. No suburban, arty, or summer-camp atmosphere desired. Plain, unpretentious, unadorned environment preferred. No fancy prices. Address, Box 30, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York.

INCUNABULA

FINE COLLECTION OF Incunabula, Miniature Books, Autograph Letters, Voyages, Modern Firsts, Fine Presses. Spring catalogue in preparation. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

LITERARY SERVICES

A "CHERRY STONE" PRIZE CONTEST. Monthly prizes until August for brief storiette, feature article, dramatic review, monologue or lyric. Write for rules or send 25c for sample May number. Introductory Offer: 6 months for $1.00 (yearly rate $3.00). A subscriber says: "Trying to write without *The Writer* is almost as sensible as carrying around a fountain pen without any ink." The Writer, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by correspondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs*, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO US. We will market them if anyone can. If we cannot, will give reasons and suggestions. Literary Adviser, P. O. Box 177, Williamsburg, Virginia.

EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR non-fiction writers. Non-fiction revised, typed, edited, criticised, marketed. Reasonable rates. Consolidated Press Service, 872 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York.

UNTIL JULY 1ST, SPECIAL PRICES for first-class typing of manuscripts, with editorial revision, carbon copy, prompt return. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale St., West Springfield, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARINE BOOKS

SHIP MODEL BUILDING—Slave Ships—Whale Ships—Voyages. Fully illustrated circulars of all our publications free. Marine Research Society, Dept S., Salem, Massachusetts.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

PRINTING

AUTHORS, WRITERS, HISTORIANS—Have your work published; we do complete job for you—printing, advertising, sales; send for explanatory folder "Publishing Your Book." F. H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th St., New York. Tel. Pennsylvania 0590.

RARE BOOKS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A National Institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints, and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogs. No. 168—Rare Americana, 2463 titles, 309 pp., with illustrations, price 50 cents. Nos. 169 and 174—Autographs, 9758 titles, *free*. No. 171—Genealogy, 4304 titles, price 10 cents. No. 172—Americana, in two parts, 2600 titles, *free*. No. 173—Rare Books, 306 titles, *free*. No. 175—Fine Arts, 1261 titles, *free*. Print Catalogs, and semi-monthly bulletins of Print Exhibitions, *free*. When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A Park Street and 2 Milk Street.

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DAUBER and Pine Bookshops first for scarce First Editions, and books on Art, Architecture, books from private presses, Americana, Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

SULAMITH, BY ALEXANDRE Kuprin. Romance of Antiquity, limited editions, with eight full-page colored illustrations, boxed, $10.00. Nicholas I. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

UNUSUAL BOOKS IN Limited Editions, Privately Printed. Lists on request. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIALIST

SCIENTIFIC HOROSCOPES written. Business, Personal, Health problems solved. Dr. Smallwood, Pepperell, Mass.

STORIES WANTED

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Establishment 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING ON THIS page are as follows: For any size advertisement inserted twenty consecutive times, 5 cents a word; for one inserted any less number of times, 7 cents a word. Forms close on Friday noon, nine days before publication. Advertisements accepted over the telephone for your convenience. Dept. V. O., 25 West 45th Street, New York. Telephone BRYant 2146.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daughters of India

The delightful story of a missionary who could not curb her exuberance.

"Against the sepia background of a receding India Miss Wilson has delicately etched the story of an American woman missionary, a gentle whole-souled worker in an unpromising vineyard, whose placid, undramatic life is suddenly caught up in a series of surprising and not entirely unhumorous experiences. Written with charm and a sense of the dramatic." —*Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.

A New Novel by MARGARET WILSON

Author of

"The Able McLaughlins."

Winner of the Harper Prize, 1923.

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, 1924.

Harper & Brothers
Publishers

HARRY HANSEN, F.P.A., DOROTHY PARKER, ERNEST BOYD, GENE MARKEY, HERSCHEL BRICKELL, H. L. MENCKEN, HARRY SALPETER, WILLIAM ROSE BENET, JOSEPH ANTHONY, ASHTON STEVENS, RUTH PEITER, and other distinguished company have laughed and roared and told the world about

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING

by Samuel Hoffenstein

Read the book and join them in the best good time a book has given you in many moons.

6th large edition $2.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

WE have heard an amusing story recently which is told as an experience of *Henry Goddard Leach's*, editor of *The Forum*. In answer to a communication of his to *Bernard Shaw*, he received a very interesting letter from Shaw outlining many of his views upon life. Mr. Leach, quite naturally, regarded this as a document to prize, but, upon going out to lunch, placed it under a paper-weight upon his desk, intending to file it away later. Now one ornament of Mr. Leach's private office is a parrot. Evidently a parrot with a taste for the drama,—or, perhaps, with fundamentalist ideas and an inclination against socialism. However that may be, Mr. Leach returned to his office after lunch to find it looking like downtown on Lindbergh Day, so full was the air of floating bits of paper. And, just as Mr. Leach approached the desk, the parrot, prowling upon it, gave a triumphant squawk and gobbled up Shaw's signature, the only legible remainder of the letter, which he had completely destroyed. . . .

Benito Mussolini has written his autobiography, which will be published in book form in the Fall by Scribners. The book, it is said, does much toward clarifying and defining Mussolini's position on many of the questions, both national and international, for which he has been criticized. . . .

In the mail pouch at Appleton's was found the following note mailed from Los Angeles:

WARNING TO PUBLISHERS

If you publish any books of any kind about us we will blow up your place and kill you and we don't mean maybe. Keep your mouth shut and watch your step. We mean business...

THE DOPE RING.

The sender of this note is not known to the publishers, but they say they would be glad to present him with a copy of "Your Nerves and Their Control" by *Drs. Kennedy and Stevenson*, a book they published on the day the note was received. . . .

We have heard around that *Margery Latimer's* "We are Incredible," published by J. H. Sears and Company, is a first novel well worth reading. Praise has been accorded it by *Zona Gale, Joseph Hergesheimer, Jesse Lynch Williams, Lewis Mumford*, and *Genevieve Taggard*. . . .

Alfred A. Knopf has been decorated by the Polish Government. He is the only American publisher to be so honored by the Polish Government. He was made Cavalier of the Order of Polonia Restituta and presented with the Officers' Cross by *Jan Ciechanowski*, Polish Minister to the United States, at a dinner given him at the Polish Legation in Washington, recently. We don't know whether Alfred can speak Polish, but we know he can properly pronounce the names of his Polish authors. *Ladislas Reymont*, winner of the Nobel prize for Literature in 1924 is one of them, but that isn't such a difficult name. It's when you get into the zs and ys and chock-a-block consonants that the fun begins. . . .

Thomas Beer sailed on the France for Havre on May 5th, and consequently was not here when his new novel "The Road to Heaven" was published on the 11th. They say there is a fine poetic lift to the conclusion of that book. Beer is one of our few novelists who keeps on going at his top. . . .

"Bill" Seabrook, author of "Adventures in Arabia," has also sailed for Europe. He will spend the next three months in Paris, returning in August for a cruise along the New England coast and Nova Scotia. Mr. Seabrook has just completed his book on Haiti, on which he has been working for over a year. . . .

Herbert Gorman, author of "The Place called Dagon," is a third who has just departed for London and Paris, with his wife, *Jean Wright Gorman*. He has a book on *Dumas*, in contemplation. . . .

Marjorie Allen Seiffert, a notable American poet who lately published "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" through Scribners, recently visited our fair city. She introduced to us, at one of her parties, *Clifford Gessler*, a Hawaiian poet (No, he is perfectly white and entirely American!) who had travelled all the way to New York to meet and talk to *Genevieve Taggard*, who used to live out in the islands. . . .

We have received the following communication:

The Phoenician: Referring to "Sylvia Satan" who sometimes appears in "The Phoenix Nest," —Who is Sylvia, What is She-ee?

DIANA DEMON.

That's just what we don't know, but what pretty names these girls do have! . . .

A recent catalogue of *James F. Drake*, the rare book dealer, contains as item 118 an A. L. S. of 2 pages, 4to. It is a letter written by *John Masefield* at Boar's Hill and addressed to *Robert Graves*. Mr. Graves, apparently on the eve of his departure for America to lecture, elicited the following counsels from Masefield:

. . . . Do your level best to refuse hospitality; Refuse all invitations to Receptions; Receive all interviewers, male and female, even if you are in your bath; . . . Do yourselves well in food and hotels, for it is a life which needs what pampering you can get. . . They (the Americans) loathe criticism. They want to be amused. . . They want to be there when the poet comes to them. They want to gaze on the poet's brow and be just tickled to death as they gaze. . . .

Our choice, and we have been glad to see that *Alexander Woollcott* of the *New York World* was of the same opinion, for the play to win the Pulitzer Prize was *Du Bose Heyward's* "Porgy." And we still think it must be better than the prize-winning "Strange Interlude," though we never witnessed the latter. We were glad to see a book so good as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" take the novel prize, but we must again call attention to that idiotic clause which states the terms under which a prize for fiction is awarded:

For the American novel published during the year which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood.

Every time we read that clause we creep quietly away and are desperately ill. It is the most illiterate and moronic stipulation we have ever seen put forth solemnly by an august conclave. If *Thornton Wilder's* novel had actually satisfied those specifications it would have been a still-born monstrosity. Let us be greatly grateful that it has nothing whatever to do with them. "Highest standard of American manners and manhood," indeed! O Aunt Harriet's tatting! O cultivated antimacassars! . . .

The John Day Company is bringing out the first novel that has come from the pen of *Norman Douglas* in almost ten years. It is called "In the Beginning." It is a story of the days before good and evil were born, when the gods walked with men. But this is far from being another of those Adam and Eve stories; here is an even more ancient scene. We can always recommend Norman Douglas. . . .

Sally Bruce Kinsolving writes us to this effect concerning whether there is a Mrs. "A. E." or not:

I, too, was under the impression there was no Mrs. "A. E." But on the morning of February 17, as Mr. Russell was taking leave of my home, he told me of a young reporter who had referred to him as "an ancient sage," and he added, "I am thinking how amused my wife will be when she hears it."

And here is another, more recent, communication:

There is a startling fact about *Joseph Conrad* which is not generally known. According to *Ernest D. North's* catalogue he must have worked in the fourth dimension, for we find here recorded, "Conrad tells that he started the actual writing of 'Almayers Folly' in September, 1899, and finished it in May, 1894." Some trick that! It reminds me of the item in Mr. Howe's catalogue which was: Ford, John (1586—). I would like to know Mr. Ford. I wonder if he knew Shakespeare.

Sincerely yours,
S. R. SHAPIRO.

A new Trader Horn book is announced by Simon & Schuster for June. It will follow the same pattern as the first volume. The first book, published last June, is now in its second hundred thousand. *William McFee* is writing an introduction for the second Trader Horn volume, the exact title of which has not yet been determined. . . .

A rivederci! And don't confuse that with the Riverside Press!

THE PHOENICIAN.

EVEN though you haven't been to Coney Island for years you will enjoy the thrills of

ROLLER COASTER JOURNALISM

By

SILAS BENT

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW

And we can promise you a dizzy time next week when you read

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

By

BERTRAND RUSSELL

One of the most important essays any magazine has been privileged to publish within recent years.

Can you answer this one?

What is that which "is not in the ocean but actually constitutes the ocean?"

"If

POOR LITTLE FOOL

isn't a knockout, I'm a hobo."—UPTON SINCLAIR

¶ Some say Fulton Oursler's new novel is the strongest argument yet for companionate marriage.

¶ Others say it explodes the whole theory.

¶ Everybody agrees it is a fascinating and thrilling story.

Poor Little Fool

By FULTON OURSLER

Price $2.00 HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DUTTON BOOK of the MONTH

For JUNE

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Modern! Modern! Modern! In this masterly, satirical novel of Pirandello's, three generations are in conflict in the political, moral and religious upheaval of Sicily from which can be gathered an understanding of the Italy of to-day. "Everything was disgusting at that moment! The pestilence was in the air. The whole social carcass was rotting, and with it his soul, all his thoughts, all his feelings . . . everything in decay, everything filthy. . . ." The subtle influence of women is shown as a powerful force for good and evil. Romance, humor, and stark realism are blended on an exquisite tapestry. Two volumes boxed. $5.00

To be sure of your copy on the publication date, leave your order now at your favorite bookstore—*Published June 1st*

THE DUTTON BOOK of the MONTH

For MAY

THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS

By GERARD HOPKINS

Evadne, "the unfortunate woman," Magdalene, who shunned reality, and Ian Wace, simple and beautiful in his devotion and search for strength—their turbulent love story is seen in sharp relief through the eyes of subtle, intuitive Glenner Passingham. The artistry of the book is most unusual. $2.50

THE DUTTON BOOK of the MONTH

For APRIL

REEDS AND MUD

By V. BLASCO IBANEZ

Here is an unconventional love story —a rugged novel of man's battle for a livelihood in a marshy island off the coast of Spain. It tells of the men who work all day on the fishing-grounds; of the innkeeper's lovely wife, and her lover; the soldier home from the war in Cuba. $2.50

To obtain a Dutton book of the month, go to the nearest bookstore and ask for a copy.

HONEYMOON MILLIONS

By STEUART EMERY

Besides being a breezy, dashing romance, this fascinating novel recites the adventures of newly-weds and the thrilling, hair-breadth escapes of one of the greatest crooks of the century. $2.00

ARROGANCE

By LEONIE AMINOFF

At the zenith of his power, this volume gives a fascinating and dramatic picture of Napoleon—his defeat of Prussia—Austerlitz vs. the Peninsula campaign—Josephine and his new Polish lover, Countess Balewska. $2.50

THE SMALLER PENNY

By CHARLES BARRY

Penny, Penny, who's got the penny? This is the only clue that helps Gilmartin find the murderer in this thrilling mystery detective story. $2.00

We take great pleasure in announcing that—

("The most varied and fascinating collection of famous yet out-of-the-way books," says *Richard Le Gallienne.*)

THE BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

have been just reduced in price—the five-dollar volumes will be $3.75—the three-dollar volumes will be $2.50. We believe that these books at this new price will be of special interest to readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Among the most popular and unusual titles are:—

$3.75 per volume

ESQUEMELING'S BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA
GESTA ROMANORUM
LACLOS' DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES
BANDELLO'S TALES
D'AULNOY'S MEMOIRS
GRIMMELHAUSEN'S SIMPLICISSIMUS, THE VAGABOND
MARTIAL'S TWELVE BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS
SAPPHO'S COMPLETE WORKS
SUETONIUS' HISTORY OF TWELVE CAESARS
TIBETAN TALES

$2.50 per volume

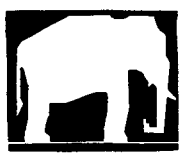
CYRANO DE BERGERAC, VOYAGES
THE FIFTEEN JOYS OF MARRIAGE
OVID'S LOVER'S HANDBOOK
OVID'S MIRROR OF VENUS
FACETIAE OF POGGIO, TRANSLATED BY EDWARD STORER
GOETHE'S FAUST
ALCIPHRON'S LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN
THE GIRDLE OF APHRODITE
MUNCHAUSEN'S TRAVELS
VOLTAIRE'S CANDIDE

Send for descriptive circular and complete list of the Broadway Translations

Published By E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring .·. NEW CENTURY BOOKS .·. 1928



"Many of Dr. Myers' judgments are strikingly shrewd." —N. Y. TIMES.
"It has not merely transitory but permanent value. Dr. Myers has treated his subject with the independence of a scholar, though with the vigor of a man whose studies have developed strong convictions. It is a stirring review and one with which no American can be too familiar."—BUFFALO EVENING NEWS.

The REPUBLICAN PARTY A HISTORY

By WILLIAM STARR MYERS

This book describes the rise of a young party to national power. Dr. Myers traces the story of the G. O. P. from its origin over the slavery issue, through its triumphant control following the Civil War and its brief periods of eclipse since that time, down to its present position as the majority party. It contains fascinating sketches of leading personalities from Lincoln to Coolidge. *Illustrated.* $5.00

"It is difficult to call to mind one better equipped for this job in the present stage of American politics than Frank R. Kent. The book is intensely interesting from first to last, and important to those who would understand some of the major motivating currents of American political life. There is nothing dull about this record."—KNICKERBOCKER PRESS.

The DEMOCRATIC PARTY A HISTORY

By FRANK R. KENT

A straightforward, brilliantly written, thoroughly entertaining account of the party which has been active in American politics for 136 years and at the helm of government for eighty years. Mr. Kent describes the party's triumphs and its blunders, its national battles and its internal conflicts, and gives particularly full analyses of the five great men around whom the party history chiefly revolves. *Illustrated.* $5.00

HERBERT HOOVER

By WILL IRWIN

An intimate personal story of one of the outstanding characters of the day —by the writer who knows him best. "By far the best presentation of the human side of Hoover that has yet appeared."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *Illustrated.* $3.00

SHEAVES

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

Author of *Slippy McGee*

An entertaining comedy of manners in which a young reprobate turns saint and a sour old philanthropist wins back his youth. "SHEAVES is a novel of charming sentiment and irrepressible humor." — *Los Angeles Express.* $2.00

CAPTAIN JACK

HIS OWN STORY as told to HENRY OUTERBRIDGE

CAPTAIN JACK—crack agent of the Secret Service—took his orders from Washington and then did as he pleased. (*"In the Service a man is mostly on his own."*)

CAPTAIN JACK—bound for China on a job —became a "sanitary engineer" overnight and received three university degrees in the morning to prove it. (*"Washington can work miracles, you know."*)

CAPTAIN JACK—stranded, broke and hungry in Hongkong—embalmed a British colonel for a bag of gold. (*"Embalm him? Good God, I'd pickle the whole British army for a chance at a square meal."*)

CAPTAIN JACK is unquestionably one of the most thrilling and sensational autobiographies of the year. It is the story of the secret service man who did Uncle Sam's dirty work in foreign lands. $2.00

LINCOLN OR LEE

By WILLIAM E. DODD

The two great heroes of the Civil War contrasted in a shrewd and brilliant biographical study. Mr. Dodd reveals the circumstances and external forces out of which these two heroes were created. *Illustrated.* $2.00

A DINNER OF HERBS

By MARJORIE BARTHOLOMEW PARADIS

The story of a modern girl who had her own ideas about marriage and also had the courage to try them. It is a timely novel cleverly written by a new author of the first magnitude. $2.00

JOHN STEVENS

AN AMERICAN RECORD

By ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL

The story of the American genius of the early nineteenth century, now fully told for the first time. Colonel Stevens was the creative engineer and far-sighted inventor who built and operated steamboats on the Hudson three years before Fulton's *Clermont;* who projected a vehicular tunnel under the Hudson in 1806; who ran the first successful "steam-carriage" on rails and obtained the first charter for a railroad in America. The story of his multiple achievements and of his versatile and active sons is a fascinating addition to the library of American "men who do things." *Illustrated.* $5.00

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED

By BENNETT J. DOTY

Lowell Thomas writes: "I have just read Doty's LEGION OF THE DAMNED and my hair is still standing on end. What a tale it is!" *Illustrated.* $3.00

SOME MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER

By Maj.-Gen. HUGH LENOX SCOTT

A distinguished military autobiography, by a man who for fifty years has ranked high in the military forces of the United States—as Indian fighter, military governor and U. S. Chief of Staff. *Illustrated.* $5.00

WHY MEN FAIL

Eleven of the country's leading psychiatrists explain the prevalent causes of human failure and suggest remedies.

Edited by Dr. WILLIAM A. WHITE and Dr. MORRIS FISHBEIN

"WHY MEN FAIL is one of the most practical contributions psychology has yet made toward helping the ordinary individual to understand and solve his own character problems."—*Dr. Ira S. Wile in the Book Review.*
"In the desert of volumes that seek to make go-getters and merely make Babbitts a book like this is a thrice welcome oasis."—*N. Y. Times.*
"Full of vital suggestions, keen analysis and concrete examples."—*Boston Eve. Transcript.* $2.00

THE CENTURY CO. .·. *Publishers of Enduring Books*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED